

THE
THRACIAN
WONDER.

A COMICAL
HISTORY,

As it hath been several times Acted
with great Applause.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER *and*
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Placere Cupio.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Tho. Johnson*, and are to be sold by *Francis Kirkman*,
at his Shop at the Sign of *John Fletchers Head*, over
against the Angel-Inn, on the Back-side of St. Cle-
ments, without Temple-Bar. 1661.



The Stationer to the Reader.

Gentlemen,

I *It is now the second time of my appearing in Print in this nature, I should not have troubled you, but that I believe you will be as well pleased as my self; I am sure that when I applied my self to buying and reading of Books, I was very well satisfied when I could purchase a new Play. I have promised you three this Tear, A Cure for a Cuckold was the first, this the second, and the third, viz. Gamers Gurttons Needle is ready for you. I have several others that I intend for you suddenly: I shall not (as some others of my profession have done) promise more then I will perform in a year or two, or it may be never; but I will assure you that I shall never leave printing, so long as you shall continue buying. I have several Manuscripts of this nature, written by worthy Authors, and I account it much pity they should now lye dormant, and buried in oblivion, since ingenuity is so likely to be encouraged, by reason of the happy Restauration of our Liberties. We have had the private Stage for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command, though the publick Stage of England has produc'd many monstrous villains, some of which have deservedly made their exit. I believe future Ages will not credit the transactions of our late Times to be other than a Play, or a Romance: I am sure in most Romantick Plays there hath been more probability, then in our true (though sad) Stories. Gentlemen, I will not further trouble you at this time, onely I shall tell you, that if you please to repair to my Shop, I shall furnish you with all the Plays that were ever yet printed. I have 700 several Plays, and most of them several times over, and I intend to increase my Store as I sell; And I hope you will by your frequent buying, encourage*

Your Servant,

Francis Kirkman.



Dramatis Personæ,

Pheander King of *Thrace*, Father to *Ariadne*.
King of *Scicillia*, Father to *Radagon*.
Alcade King of *Affrica*, Father to *Lillia Guida*.
Sophos, Brother to *Pheander*.
Radagon, Son to the King of *Scicillia*, and Husband to
Ariadne
Eufanius, Son to *Radagon* and *Ariadne*.
Leonardo, a Thracian Lord.
Two Thracian Lords.
Two *Scicillian* Lords.
Two *Affrican* Lords.
Antimon an old shepherd, father to *Serena* & the Clown.
Titterus, a merry shepherd
Pallemon, a shepherd in love with *Serena*.
The Clown, son to *Antimon*.
Two Shepherds.
Two Shepherdesses.
A Fisher-man
A Priest.
Pithia, a Goddess.
Ariadne, Daughter to *Pheander*, and Wife to *Radagon*.
Lillia Guida, Daughter to *Alcade*.
Serena a Shepherdess, Daughter to *Antimon*.
Chorus and Time.



THE THRACIAN VVONDER.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Pheander King of Thrace, with his Sword drawn, two Noblemen holding him; Ariadne flying before him with a Childe in her arms.

1 Lord. Good my Liege.

2 Lord. Dear Sovereign.

Phean. **G** Why do you keep the Sword of Justice back
From cutting off so foul a blasted branch?

2 Lord. Oh let your milder sence censure this Fate,
And cast her not away in hate of spleen.

1 Lord. Consider Sir, she is your onely Childe, your Kingdoms
Heir, your Countries future Hope, and she may live

Phe. To be a Strumper, sir: Do not vex my soul with extolla-
tion of a thing so vile. Is't possible a Lady of her Birth should
stain her Royal Race with beastly lust, and mix the blood of Kings
with a base issue? Was it for this you were so long mew'd up
within your private Chamber? Was it for this we gave so strict a
charge to have your tedious Sicknes lookt unto? But our examples
shal be such on thee as all the world shal take a warning by. What
man, or devil in the shape of man was he, that durst presume for
to pollute thee? Either confesse him, or by all our gods Ile plague
thy body with continual tortures; that being done, I will devise
a death, that time to come shall never pattern it.

Enter Radagon with his Sword drawn.

Rad. There's not the smallest torture while I live
That shall afflict, or touch her tender body.

Ith. What Traitor-slave dares interrupt the passage of our
will? Cut him in pieces.

Ariad. Oh, hold your hands; for mercy let him live,
And twenty pieces within my bosom give.

B

Phe.

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Ph. Death? Now 'tis probable, He lay my life this Groom is
Father to the Strumpets Brat. *Enter a Guard.*

A Guard there: seize him, make the Slave confess;
And if he will not, kill him instantly.

Rad. Villains, unhand me, He reveal the truth, I will not die
in base obscurity. *Pheander*, know I am not what I seem (an ab-
ject Groom) but Royal as thy self: My name is *Radagon*, son to
thy Enemy, *Cicillia's* King; this thirteen moneths I have con-
tinued here, in hope for to obtain what now I have, my *Ariadnes*
love. 'Tis I am Father to this Princely Boy, and He maintain't
even with the utmost hazard of my life.

Ph. Thy life, base Letcher, that is the smallest satisfaction
that thou canst render for thy foul Transgression. And wer't not
'gainst the Law of Arms and Nature, these hands should sacrifice
your guilty souls; and with your bloods wash the foul stain from
off our Royal House. As for the Brat, his brains shall be dasht
out, no base remembrance shall be left of him, He have my will
effected instantly.

1 *Lord.* Dear Sovereign, let Pity plead this Case, and Natu-
ral Love reclaim your high displeasure. The Babe is guiltless of
the Fact committed, and She is all the children that you have,
then for your Countries cause, and Kingdoms good, be pleased
to take her to your grace agen.

2 *Lord.* Besides my Liege, 'tis known that *Radagon*
Is by his Noble Birth, a worthy Lord,
Princely descended, of a Royal Stock,
Although not Heir apparent to a Crown;
Then since their hearts have sympathiz'd in one,
Confirm with love this happy Union.

Ph. This hand shall be his Priest that dares agen presume to
speak for her. What worse disgrace did ever King sustain, than I
by this luxurious couple have? But you shall see our Clemency
is such, that we will mildlier sentence their vilde Fact, than they
themselves can look for, or deserve. Take them asunder, and
attend our Doom.

Rad. Before you speak, vouchsafe to hear me, Sir:
It is not for my self I bend my knee,
Nor will I crave the least forgiveness,

But

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But for your Daughter ; Do but set her free,
And let me feel the worst of Tyranny.

Ariad. The like Submission do I make for him.

Phe. Stop her mouth, we never more intend to hear her speak:
I would not have a Token of Remembrance, that ever I did bear
the Name of Father. For you, lascivious Sir, on pain of death
we charge you leave our Kingdom instantly : two days we limit
you for your departure ; which time expired, 'tis death to tread
upon our *Thracian* Bounds.

But Husbwife, as for you,
You with your Brat, wee'l send afloat the Main,
There to be left, never to Land again :
And that your Copes-mate may be sure to loose
The chief content of his desired Bliss,
You shall be guarded from our Kingdoms Confines,
And put to Sea, with several Windes and Tides,
That ye may never more enjoy each other :
She in a small Boat without Man or Oar,
Shall to the mercy of the Waves be left.
He in a Pinnace without Sayl or Pilate,
Shall be dragg'd forth some five leagues from the shore,
And there be drencht in the vast Ocean.
You hear your Doom, which shall for ever stand irrevocable.
Make no reply : Go strumpet, get thee hence,
No sin so vile as Disobedience.

Exit Phe. the rest stay

Ariad. A heavy, bitter Sentence ! when for Love we must
be banisht from our Native right. Had his high Rage but suffered
me to speak, I could have my Chastity as clear, as is the unspot-
ted Lamb of Innocence.

Lord. Alas, good Lady : Now on my faith I do believe as
much, Ile back return unto his Majesty, and urge him to recal
his heavy Doom.

Ariad. Oh no, I would not for the world, believe me sir,
Endanger you in such an Embassy.
Let him persist, the Heavens hath ever sent,
A Tower of strength to guard the innocent.
Oh *Radagon*, we two shall never meet,
Until we tread upon the higher Frame.

The Thracian Wonder.

Farewel, Dear Love. Poor Babe, thy wretched Birth
Makes us to part eternally on earth. *Exit Ariad. & Guard.*

Rad. My life, my soul, all my felicity,
Is in a trice divided from my sight!
No matter now what ere become of me,
All earthly joys are lost in loosing thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Titterus and Palæmon.

Tit. Come, I must know your cause of Discontent.

Pal. I know it is your love to urge thus far, and 'tis my love
thus to conceal it from you: should I relate my cause of Sorrow
to you, and you seeking my remedy, should wound your self,
think what a Corsive it would prove to me. And yet I wonder
you conceive it not; if you consider truly your own state, you'll
finde our cause of grief to be alike.

Tit. You have found a pretty way to silence me, but 'twill
not serve, indeed it will not, sir, because I know you do dissemble
with me. The strongest Allegation that ye have, is that you sor-
row for a Fathers death, and that I know is feigned; for since
that time my self have heard you in your Roundelays more fro-
lick far than any of the Swains; and in your pastimes on the Ho-
lidays strive to surpass the activest of us all, therefore that cannot
serve you for Excuse; And for your flocks, I'm sure they thrive
as well as any shepherds do upon the plain, that makes me won-
der, and importunate to know the cause that might procure this
sadness.

Pal. Since nothing but the Truth will satisfie,
Take't in a word, brother: I am in Love.

Tit. Ha, ha, what's that?

Pal. A god which many thousands do adore.

Tit. A Fable that fond fools gives credit too: I that have bin
a Shepherd all my life, and ne're train'd up to School as thou hast
bin, would scorn to be deluded by a Fiction, a thing that's no-
thing but inconstancy. Didst never hear the Investive that I
made?

Pal. No, nor desire it now.

Tit. Yes, prithee mark it,
He tell thee my opinion now of Love.

*Love is a Law, a Discord of such force,
That 'twixt our Sense and Reason makes divorce.*

Love's

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*Love's a Desire, that to obtain betime,
We loose an Age of Years pluckt from our prime.
Love is a thing to which we soon consent,
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.*

*Then what must women be that are the cause,
That Love hath life? that Lovers feel such laws?
They'r like the Windes upon Lapanthæes shore,
That still are changing. Oh then love no more.
A womans Love is like that Syrian Flow'r,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.*

Enter old Anti-
mon & Clown.

Pal. See *Orpheus*, you have drawn Listners.

Tit. What, dost make beasts of 'em?

Ant. Come son, let's make haste to fold up our flocks,
I fear we shall have a foul Evening.

Clown. I think so too Father, for there's a strong winde risen
in the back door. S'nails! yonder's Mr. *Tisternus* the merry Shep-
herd, and the old fool my father would pass by; wee'l have a Fit
of Mirth before we part.

Tit. Hoys! a Gods-name, cannot the Puppy see?

Clown. Hardly sir, for he has been troubled with sore eyes this
nine days.

Tit. *Muscod*, come hither, what shall I give thee to put my
brother *Pallemon* from his dumps?

Clown. I do not know what you'll give me, but promise what
you will, I'm sure to be paid if I meddle with him: he's the
strangest humor'd man now of late that e're I met withal; he was
ready to lay his Hook o're my pate t'other morning, for giving
him the time of the day. But upon one condition He venter a
knock this once.

Tit. What's your condition?

Clown. Marry, that you would give me a delicate Song to court
my Wench withal; but it must be a good one, for women are
grown so musical now adays, they care not a pin for a Song un-
less it be well prickt.

Tit. Oh, I have one a purpose: hark, shalt hear it.

I care

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I Care not for these idle toys Then never seek so close to keep
that must be woo'd & praid too, a jewel of a price so low.
Come sweet Love, let's use the joys,
that men and women use to do. Delay in love's a lingering pain,
that never can be cured,
The first man had a woman Unless that love have love again,
created for his use, you know; 'tis not to be endured.

Clown. But then you shall have her say,
I cannot, nor I dare not,
For fear my mother she do chide.

Tit. Tush, she'll ne're blame thee to use the game,
Which she her self so oft hath tri'd.

Clown. Oh excellent! this will fit her to hair ifaith:
He to him presently.

Tit. So, I'm deliver'd, a fool and a mad-man are well put together;
for none but fools or mad-men will love women. *Exit Tit.*

Clown. How do you sir? *Pal.* What's that to you sir?

Clown. 'Tis something to me sir, as I take it.

Pal. You shall have more sir, if you trouble me.

Clown. You shall not need sir, this is more than I lookt for.
I tell you sir, my blood begins to rise.

Pal. You might have past by me then, you saw me busie.

Clown. I felt you busie, though I saw you not.

Pal. My minde was busie. *Clo.* I minded not that indeed.

Pal. *Muscod*, come hither: come, we'll sit together.

Clown. Not within the length of your Hook, by your leave.

Pal. Come nearer man, I will not strike believe me.

I prithee tell me, dost thou love a woman?

Clown. Yes by this hand do I, two or three.

Pal. Wert thou to chuse 'mongst all our *Thracian* Dames,
Who would'st select to make the Mistress of?

Clown. Why, I would chuse, a woman, some body that I like't,
I know not who

Pal. What thinkst thou of my Mistress? is not she the fairest
Shepherdess we have in *Thrace*?

Clown. The fairest? do you make a doubt of't? is there any
body dares compares with her? Who is your Mistress?

Let

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Let me know that before I praise

Enter Serena.

Her any further. *Pal.* See where she comes, like to *Diana* in her Summers Weed, going to sport by *Arethusa's* Font.

Clown. This is my Sister ! what an als was he could not have told me so before, I might have spoke a good word for him : I'm glad she's come, He eene sneak away, and glad I'm so rid of him.

Pal. Will you still blast me with such coy disdain ? shall all my services be still neglected with disdainful scorn ? Could I dissemble Love, make Tears my Truce man, file my Faith with Oaths, that in the utterance makes the hearers tremble : should I prophane, in seeking to compare with flattery : should I do this, I surely should obtain what loyal service never can make mine.

Seren. I cannot answer in such Eloquence as you have studied to accost me with ; but in plain terms resolve your self I hate you : who can do less than hate such impudence, that having had so many flat denials, dares prosecute agen his hated suit ?

Pal. With low-bend knee I do submit my self, and beg your pardon for presumption ; if my endeavors might deserve your love, what would *Pallemon* for *Serena* do ?

Seren. If e're *Pallemon* then have hope to gain the smallest favor from *Serena's* Love, he must perform a Task I will impose.

Pal. I shall account me blest by your employment.

Seren. I will not credit you, unless you take an Oath for the performance.

Pal. By all the gods we Thracians do adore, I will perform it whatsoe're it be, so you'll consent to love me when 'tis done.

Seren. My hand and faith upon't. Now mark my words, You never shall agen renew your suit, nor see my face until I send for you, unless we chance to mee at unawares ; and meeting so, to turn away your eyes, and not to speak, as you respect your Vow.

Pal. O heave ! lifting Labyrinth ! Dear Love, recal this Doom, and let me undergo Herculean labors : 'tis too great a woe to be debarr'd your sight, rather command me to rip up this heart, these hands shall do it ; bar'e me my food, He like the *Argive* live in contemplation of my *Mithras* beauty ; He make the Arbors in those shade valleys whereas the *Snick* fail grows, and *Hiacinth*, the *Cowslip*, *Primrose*, and the *Violet*, shall serve to make thee Garlands for thy head.

Seren.

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Seren. Nothing shall serve, but what I have prefixt.

Pal. Ile pluck the Moon from forth the Starry Throne,
And place thee there to light the lower Orb;
And if stern *Pluto* offer to embrace thee,
Ile pitch him head-long into *Phlegeton*.

Seren. *Phebus* defend me ! Oh, I fear he's mad.

Pal. Or if thou'lt live, and be the Shepherds Queen, Ile fetch
Senessa frown the Doun of Swans to be thy handmaid ; the *Phrygian* Boy that *Jove* so doted on, shall be thy Page, and serve thee
on his knee : Thou shalt be guarded round with Jolly Swains,
such as was *Luno's* Love on *Laima's* hill : Thy Musick shall sur-
pass the *Argo's* stamer. If this content thee not, Ile dive into the
bottom of the Deep, and fetch thee Bracelets of the Orient Pearl,
the Treasure of the Sea shall all be thine.

Ser. He's stark mad ! some power withhold him here,
Until I finde some place to shelter me.

Exit.

Pal. Art thou gone in haste ?

Ile not forsake thee ;

Runn'st thou ne're so fast,

Ile o'retake thee :

Or the Dales, or the Downs,

through the green Meadows,

From the fields through the towns,

to the dim shadows.

A dumb show.

Thunder and Lightning.

All along the Plain,

to the low Fountains,

Up and down agen

from the high Mountains :

Eccho then, shall agen

tell her I follow,

And the Floods to the Woods,

carry my holla, holla, ce, la, ho, ho, hu

Exit.

Enter old *Antimon* bringing in *Ariadne* shipwrackt, the Clown tur-
ning the childe up and down, and wringing the Clouts. They pass
over the Stage. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Radagon* all wet, looking about for shelter as shipwrackt. *Enter*
to him *Titterus*, seems to question him, puts off his Hat and Coat,
and puts on him, so guides him off. *Exeunt.* Storm cease.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. This storm is o're, but now a greater storm is to be fear-
ed, that is, your Censures of this History. From cruel shipwrack
you have here beheld the preservation of these banisht Princes,
who being put to sea in Mastless Boats, with several Windes and
Tides

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Tides were driven back to the same Coast that they were banisht from; which understanding, lest they should be known, they change their Names and Habits, and perswade the silly shepherds they are Foreigners: in several Cottages remote from Court these Lovers live, thinking each other dead. The sighs, the tears, the passions that were spent on either side, we could describe to you,

Enter Time with an Hour-glass, sets it down, and exit.

But time hath barr'd us: This is all you see

That he hath lent us for our History.

I doubt we hardly shall conclude so soon:

But if you please to like our Authors Pen,

We'll beguile *Time*, and turn his Glass agen.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT. 2. SCENE. I.

Groans of dying men heard within.

Enter two Lords of Thrace, severally.

1 Lord. **G**ood Gods, be merciful. *Within.* Oh, oh, oh.

2 Lord. **G**Some Power defend us from this noisom Sickness.
Stand: who's that, the Winde?

1 Lord. Keep distance then. Oh my Lord, is't you? this is a fearful Visitation, the people as they walk, drop down in heaps.

Enter Lord Leonardo.

Retire and keep the winde, here comes another.

Leo. Oh, oh, falls dead. 2 Lord. Mercy, he's dead!

1 Lord. Who is't? 2 Lord. I cannot well discern him,
but I think it is the Lord *Leonardo*: Yes, 'tis he.

1 Lord. A fearful rest receive him, he was vertuous.

My Lord, I would fain exchange some private words with you,
I think you are clear.

*Enter Sophos the Kings brother,
reading a Letter.*

2 Lord. Upon my life I am.

1 Lord. Let's walk together then.

Soph. Alas poor Neece, cruel unnatural Father, a *Falleris*, a
smiting Tyrant, to use his Daughter with such cruelty: Bless me,
I fear I have taken the Infection.

1 Lord. 'Tis *Sophos* the Kings Brother come to Court.

C

Soph.

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Soph. I heard some speak, keep off what e're you be:
Who is't, *Palatation*? where's the King my Brother?

1 Lord. In his Bed-chamber. *Soph.* Tell him I am here.

1 Lord. I shall my Lord. Some there remove the body. *Exit Lora*

Soph. No, it shall lye,
Himself shall see in what a state we live:
His Daughter's murdered, banisht I should say,
And the Sicilian Prince, both innocent.

Cor. Flor. A little infant perisht, the Gods know
As lawfully begot as he or I.

Nay, never stare, 'tis true: the Gods
Are not displeased without cause.

Heyda! Is this a time for Musick?
And so it is indeed; for every one
Is ready to kick up his heels.

Within. Oh, oh, oh. I marry fir, here's musick fits the time.

Enter Pheander in his Gown and Cap, 1 Lord.

Phe. What horrid shrieks and clamors fills our ears?
Are groans fit Musick for a Princes Court?

Soph. 'Tis Musick fit for Princes that delight in devilish Dan-
ces: Look fir, behold here's one hath danc'd himself quite out
of breath: here's good *Leonardo* gone, your Daughter's dead,
poor Neece, with tears I speak it, and your Land infested with
a Plague incurable, your Court, and 'twas not wont to be the
Court-disease: what should occasion this but — — would I durst
speak what I suspect: suspect, said I? nay what is truth, for that's
beyond suspicion. Read that, then guess the cause of our in-
flections.

Phe. Ha, ha, ha, ha. This was a subtil and shrewd Device to
shadow Treachery, was it not my Lords? Having wrapt Treason
in a poisoned paper, delivers it to us to take the infection.

Soph. By the blest Sun 'tis false, I am no Traitor, as loyal as
the truest Subject here; yet there is poison in't of power and
strength to make a Fathers heart to swell and burst at the recital
of such Tyranny. Thy Daughter's chaste, a Royal spotless Prin-
cess, she here doth vow, and call the Gods to witness, she ne're
admitted him unto her bed, until the Nuptial Rites were cele-
brate; yet Tyrant-like thou putt'st her unto sea, not suffering her

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to plead her innocence, where she and her poor Babe did suffer death.

Phc. Dissembling hypocrite, art not asham'd to lay such shallow baits to catch a Crown? Observe what a discover'd way he treads, thinking her dead, which all you know she justly merited, has forged this Letter, to turn your hearts with seeming pity to dispossess us, and be King himself: But you whose hearts have ever yet bin loyal, know how to censure of such Treachery with true discretion. Pray ye use him kindly, let him not feel too many cruel tortures, he is our Brother, though he have transgressed the Law of Gods and Nature, we are loath to punish with too much severity.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha. Now give me leave to laugh, devouring Crockodile, dost think I fear to die? Let death fright those that fear to die for ever: let me behold him in his ugliest shape, he's then most lovely; if I did fear, I'd ne're have uttered this, it was to clear thy Daughters innocence, and blaze thy infamy unto the world, for this I did it: if for this I die, I die for truth, live with eternity.

Phc. Take him aside until we call for him.

Soph. Do not touch me, slaves, I scorn to run.

*Exit Guard
with Sophos.*

Phc. Your counsel Lords what we best to do,

You see his guilt apparently appears:

We dare not call a Publique Consultation

For fear of the Infection, unto you

We will referre the manner of his death.

Here seat your selves, and every man set down

His several Censure; which when we survey,

We'll give our Sentence, either Life or Death.

Exit.

They seat themselves at a Table severally, and fall to writing.

Enter a Noble-man of Cicillia, the 1 Lord.

1 Sicil. L. I think this be the Land of *Golgotha*, inhabited by none but by the dead, except some airy shadows, and they'r silent, the streets are strewed with breathless carcases, as 'twas in *Rome* when *Marius Silla* warred. All that do see me, shun me like the Plague, and shut their doors, sure I am not infectious. Entering the Court, the Guard stood gazing at me, and gave me

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free access into the Palace, without demanding whence, or what I came for; the strangeness of their looks and fearful action, makes me imagine that I am transformed: would I could meet but with a Water-spring, to see if I retain my wonted shape. This should be near the Presence: what are these? they should be Lawyers, they'r not dumb I'm sure.

1 *Th. Lord.* What's he? 1 *Lord.* Some stranger.

3 *Th. Lord.* How came he in the Guard?

1 *Sc. Lord.* They speak, He try if they can hear.

1 *Th. Lord.* Keep back, who are you? The cause of your approach so near the King?

1 *Sc. Lord.* Your out-fides speak you noble. Know my Lords, the Cause of my arrival in this Land, is in the search of Princely *Radagon*, now Son and Heir to the Scicilian King; if ever you did hear of such a Prince, let not fore-pass'd hate extinguish him, but glad an aged Father with a Son, who now is all the children he hath left. They shake their heads and weep: Good Gods I fear they have ta'ne away his life by tyranny.

Enter Pheander ready.

Phe. What stranger's that? what makes him in our Court? What, are you dumb? Why do you not resolve us?

1 *Lord.* He is a Subject to Cicillias King, and comes in search of banisht *Radagon*. 1 *Sc. Lord.* How, banisht?

Phe. I sir, banisht. And 'twas too milde a satisfaction for the base wrongs that I sustained by him: in a small Boat hopeless of help or life, he was put forth to sea by our Command. This you may tell your King, and so be gone.

1 *Sc. Lord.* You could not be so unmerciful, to use a vertuous Prince so cruelly: you durst not so transgress the Law of Kings, to murder him, although your Enemy. I know no cause of his did merit it, but the stern hate of ancient Enmity.

Phe. How dare you sir, capitulate the Cause? Go, bid your Master come himself to know, and then perchance we may resolve it him.

1 *Sc. Lord.* Be sure he will, thou cruel Homicide, and ask the Cause in such a thundering Language, will make both thee and all that hear it, tremble.

Exit Scil. Lord.

Phe. We'll answer him as loud, sir, fear it not.

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But to our first Affairs : what is your Censure ? is Life or Death the Sentence we must give ?

1 *Lord.* Mine is his Life, my Liege. 2 *Lord.* And so is mine.

3 *Lord.* Mine is his life, but not his liberty.

Phe. Why not his death as well ? His fact is Treason.

1 *Lord.* Suspected, but not proved ; therefore 'tis fit he should be kept close Prisoner, till we hear how the rude multitude do stand affected, for he was deeply seated in their hearts.

Phe. We are resolved, let him be straight brought forth,
We'll use him with what clemency we may ;
I know the Gods, whom Kings should imitate,
Have plac'd us here to rule, not overthrow.

Enter Sophos.

Justice shall hand in hand with mercy go.
We speak before a King, but now a brother ;
If you will yet confess your Guilt and Cause.
That moved you first unto this Forgery,
We may perhaps forgive you ; otherwise
There is no other favor but to die.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha, to die ! I do not think I shall be made so happy, for death's the honest mans felicity, there is no favor that I crave but death ; in living here I shall more torments finde, but being dead, there ends my misery.

Phe. If you will yet confess, we will have mercy.

Soph. Mercy, on whom, for what ? You are deceiv'd,
It is a thing not in thy power to give.
Mercy's immortal, and to humane eyes
Is never seen till fleshly passion dies.

Phe. It seems then sir, you do desire to die ?

Soph. With full consent, for life's a loathsom vale of misery.

Phe. In which thou still shalt live : thy life we give, but doom thee to perpetual banishment : we limit you no time, therefore dispatch. See that he instantly depart the Court.

Soph. Dost think Ile stay, by all our gods thy Crown and Kingdom shall not hire me to't. Tyrant fare vel, if ere I do return, cities that now stand, shall be heaps of stone.

Exit Sophos.

Phe. This foggy Cloud dispers'd, I hold it fit some poste to the Delphos to the Oracle, to know what shall ensue these Thunder-claps that threaten such distraction, we our self will see you furnish

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night for the Offering. Whom shall we send? *Cleantes*? No: you two prepare for your departure presently. What though he was our Brother? 'tis not fit mistrustful men should live within our Court: what is't to be a King, and stand in awe?

Cor. Flor. Those that intreat, and may command with fear,
Are fitter to climb up than tarry here. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Titterus and Radagon severally.

Tit. Stirring so early, Partner, then I see you'll prove a wealthy shepherd; watchfulness is the chief star within our Kalendar: 'twere vain to ask you how you affect this life, your forwardness expresses that you like it.

Rad. Who can dislike a peaceful happiness? Methinks I never proved a sweeter happiness; in every corner here Content sits smiling: the Mountain tops I make my Morning-walks, the evening-shades my recreation, and when Nights Queen puts on her gorgeous Robe, I take delight to gaze upon the stars, in which methinks I read Philosophy; and by the Astronomical Aspects I search out Nature's secrets, the chief means for the preventing my Lambs pre-udice. I tell you sir, I finde in being a shepherd, what many Kings want in their Royalties.

Tit. I joy in your content, yet wonder sir, you do frequent such melancholly Walks; I have observ'd your passions many times, and seen you sit sole companied with thought, as if your passions were your Comforters, I fear some foolish female has entrapt you.

Rad. Not any sir, believe it, that's a thing
I thank my stars I ne're did estimate.
Love that imparadizeth some, to me
Is hell it self, if hell on earth there be.

Tit. Blest be the hour that e're I met with thee,
Not love a woman? have I a second self?
Oh happy, happy man, not love a woman!

Rad. I do not yet, assure you.

Tit. Nor ever do, if you do love your self; of all things in the world take heed of 'em: I have a brother mad forsooth, for Love. But that I had a mother, I could wish that there were no such things as women are. We shall have such a hoyting here anon, you'll wonder at it. 'Tis *Pan's* Holiday, the chiefest Festival
the

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the shepherds keep, 'tis held upon this Green.

Rad. I thought as much, belike then that's the cause

Musick. This place is so bedeckt and strowed with flowers.

Tit. The very same : they come, observe the custom.

Enter old Antimon and another old Shepherd, after them two Shepherds to dance, then the Clown with Garlands upon his Hook, himself drest with Ribbons and Scarfs, then Ariadne the Princess like a Shepherdess, with Serena and two other Shepherdesses to dance.

Cease Musick.

Ant. *Titterus* ! well met, you are the welcomest man I see to day, the wenches were afraid you'd not have come, and then our Roundelays had all bin spoiled.

Tit. Sir, you may thank this man : pray bid him welcome, he's a stranger here.

Ant. What Countrey-man ?

Rad. *Scicilia* gave me life, on whose fair Promontories I have lived this many yeares, till Cover to see change, brought me to *Thrace*, which I affect so well, I would continue.

1 Shep. And welcome.

2 Shep. Welcome,

Clown. Y'are very heartily welcome.

Ant. Son, set down thy Hook, and shake it lustily,

Win me the Garland, and I promise thee

Ile give thee two fat Wethers to make merry.

Oh, when I was a young man, I'd a tickl'd it.

Clown. I warrant ye father, for the Cast of the Leg,
The standing Caper, or the Placker Jump,
Let me alone, Ile firk 'em up ifaith.

1 Shep. Sir, you'l make one ? Nay, no excuse shall serve,
We know you can, and will not be denied.

Rad. I shall but shame our Countrey-men. Will you ?

Tit. Who I ? And 'twere not to observe the Ceremony,
They should not have me here. I must do somewhat.

Ant. Come, y'are well matcht, strike Musick and begin,
We two will sit as Judges.

Dance, wherein Ariadne, alias Mariana, dances with Radagon.

Dance ends.

Soft Musick. The men all pass by the two old Shepherds with obeysance, Radagon last ; as he makes Congee, they put the Crown upon

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upon his head, he offers to refuse it, he put it on him, and set him betwixt them.

Ant. Nay, you must not refuse it, 'tis deserved, you have it with a general consent, this shall confirm't.

1 *Shep.* And this.

2 *Shep.* And this.

} *The rest of the Shep-herds pass by him with obeysance.*

Rad. I thank you.

Musick agen. The wenches come with obeysance to Ariadne, crown her Queen of the Spherdeesses, they lead her to Radagon their King; she and they make obeysance to him, he rises and kisses her. *Musick ceases.*

Ant. Come, spread the Cloth, and bring away the Meat:

So, so, sit down. Daughter attend the Queen,

It may be thy turn next.

Enter Clown with a Table-Cloth, he and

That's a good boy.

Ans. spread it ridiculously on the ground, they all sit down.

Musick. Dishes of Apples, Nuts, and Cheese-cakes.

Enter Titterus like old Janus, with a Coat girt to him, a white Beard and Hair; a Hatchet in one hand, and a Bowl in the other, he sings.

NOW does Jolly Janus greet your Merriment;
For since the Worlds Creation,
I never changed my fashion,
'Tis good enough to fence the Cold:
My Hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
My Bowl preserves the Juice of Grape and Barley:
Fire, Wine, and Strong Beer, makes me live so long here,
To give the merry New-year a welcome in.

All the potent Powers of Plenty wait upon
You that intend to be frolick to day:
To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
To keep encroaching Cares away.
That Boreus blasts may never blow to harm you,
Nor Hymens frosts, but give you cause to warm you.
Old Father Janevere, drinks a Health to all here,
To give the merry New-year a welcome in.

Ariad.

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Ariad. Good *Janivere* depart : Another time
We'll bid thee welcome as befits thy years,
But now our Flocks are young , and should they feel
But the smallest breath from thee sent in a storm,
They would go near to perish, Prithee leave us.

<p><i>Tit.</i> Since you desire my absence, I will depart this Green, Tho loath to leave the presence of such a lovely Queen,</p>	<p>Whose Beauty like the Sun, melts all my frost away. And now instead of Winter, behold a youthful May.</p>
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Omnes. *Tisterus* ? Welcome.

Enter Pallemon. I come, I come, I come. *Exeunt running.*
Manent Clown & Pal.

Clown. I go, I go, I go.

Ser. Oh hide me from him. *Exeunt.* *The Clown climbs up a tree.*

Pal. Puff, they'r blown away with a Whirlwinde :
Thanks gentle *Eolus*, th'ast left my Love upon a lofty Pine.
Clown. Yes, I shall pine, for I'm like to get no Victuals whilest
he is here.

Pal. That's not her voice : no, now I see her plain,
'Tis an Owl in an Ivy bush.

Clown. I'm glad he takes me for an Owl : now if I could but
cry like one, *ta witt, ta wee.*

Pal. Oh 'tis my Love, she says I come to wooe, 'tis true ;
Come down, dear Love ; or stay, I come to thee.

Clown. No, no, no, I come, I come down to thee.
He'll break my neck, if he get up once. *Comes down.*

Pal. Alas poor heart, how pale and black she looks,
I think she's almost starv'd, she's black i'th mouth !
See, here's a Banquet ; come sit down my Love.

Clown. I'm glad a this, we shall feed agen.

Pal. Yet stay : now I remember, those that are kept from vi-
ctuals a long time, must not be cloyed too much for fear they sur-
feit. *Clown.* I warrant you my Love, I will not feed.

Pal. No, do not feed. *Clown.* Yes, yes, a little.

Pal. No, 'tis dangerous, we'll first to sea, and purge the blood
that dimns thy rosie cheeks.

Clown. Lets fill our bellies, and we shall purge the better.

Pal. It is not good to purge on a full stomach.
Come we'll embarke us in this hollow Tree,
The Dance And sayl to Jericho. Musick, shall we dance?

Clo. I, I, we'll dance to Jericho. *Amad Dance, they dance off.*

*Consort a Lesson. A Table and Tapers. Enter Priest and two
Thracian Lords. Ceremonies ended, the Priest speaks.*

Priest. Know sacred Goddess, these are sent
From fertile *Thrace*, whose discontent
By noisom Sicknes is increast:
But how, or when it shall be ceast, } *Pythia speaks in the Musick-room*
Their King *Pheander* craves resolve, } *behinde the Curtains.*
The reason of his Countreys grief,
And when they shall regain relief?

Pythia above, behinde the Curtains.

Pish. The ileful gods with full consent,
Have plagu'd the Thracian Continent,
Their Court and Countrey woe shall sing
For the Transgression of their King;
Who 'gainst all Right and Piety,
Hath quite expell'd pure Chastity:
But for the time when Plagues shall end,
This Schedule to the King I send,
Wherein at large is full exprest
When all your woe shall be redrest.

Throws down a paper.

Priest reads. Content shall keep in Town and Field,
When *Neptune* from his Waves shall yield
A *Thracian Wonder*; and as when
It shall be prov'd 'mongst Thracian men
That Lambs have Lions to their Guides,
And Seas have neither Ebbs nor Tydes;
Then shall a Shepherd from the Plain,
Restore your Health and Crown agen.

Priest. The Oracle pronounces still obscure;
But what is writ, is truth most sure.
Tho ne're so hard to you it seem,
Time will make clear what you misdeem.

Exit.

Lord. But we that time shall never live to see.

What

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What Thracian Wonder can the Sea waves yield?
Lambs ne're will have stern Lions for their guide:
Or when will Seas leave off their Ebbs and Tides?

2 *Lord.* Never, oh never.

1 *Lord.* Then ne're shall *Thrace* be blest.

But we will bear this Problem to the King,
And let him know that for his tyranny,
His Subjects suffer this calamity.

Exeunt.

Enter Antimon and Ariadne.

Ant. Minnion, take heed, turn not my proffered Love
By peevishness and folly, to disdain; for if thou dost,

Ariad. You'll turn me out of all, I know it is the sequel of
your words, which I unhappy wretch must undergo: were every
Lamb increast unto a Flock, and every Flock to thousands multiplied,
I must not love you.

Ant. You must not?

Ariad. And worse, I must for ever hate you, if you name but
Love again: I must ingrateful be for all the courtesies you have
bestowed. Love, or the thought of it, to me is like the Talion of
a soaring Hawk striking a silly Dove, it murders me.

Ant. So, you are sensible of your own grief, but no other pity,
I am wounded too, but you feel it not.

Ariad. Where are you wounded, sir?

Ant. Even at the heart: I'm wounded for thy Love.

Ariad. If I could see it bleed, I should believ'r.

Ant. You would, I thank you heartily for that.

Ariad. Sure sir, I think you would not fear a wound, cold and
decaying nature has made you strike-free, you have no blood to
die with, y'are now buried in your skins Sear-cloth, and would
you warm that monumental Robe at Loves fire in your grave?

Ant. Scorn'd and abused, 'tis long of *Menalchus*, go with that
hand preserved thee from the wrack of the devouring Billows,
that ravenous and merciless assembly of salt Drops, that charitable
hand that long hath been the tender Foster-father to thy
wants, with that hand now I turn thee off: turn thou thy face no
more to any house of mine, Ile burn them all ere they shall cover
thee. Thou wert my joy, but this thy scornful spight,

Has made me hate where I took most delight.

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Ariad. My sweet *Eufanius*,
It is his *Lois* makes me unfortunate, that weighry grief
Followed by mercies, yet wert thou the chief;
Where e're thou art, Fate in spight send me hither,
Tho in the arms of Death we meet together.

Ent. Titterus.

Sings. *I loved a Lass, alas my folly,*
was full of her coy disdaining,
I courted her thus: what shall I sweet Dolly
do for thy dear Loves obtaining?
At length I did dally so long with my Dolly,
that Dolly for all her faining,
Had got such a mountain above her valley,
that Dolly came home complaining.

Ariad. Oh misery, misery! which way should I turn from thee?

Tit. Ha? there's a foolish Lover upon my life, a female heigho
ifaith: Alas poor heart, why dost thou sit dejected, pretty soul, he
is a hard hearted stubborn Clown I warrant him, what e're he is;
but I hold him the wiser man for't though: will he not do, filthy
churl as he is? poor heart, would I had a heart could pity thee.

Ariad. What e're you are, sir, my miseries have not deserved
your scorn; I do beseech you leave me with my sorrows, for I
desire no other company.

Tit. Ha? a good face ifaith, a special good face, fine Babies
in her eyes, tho e lips speak how methinks, and say, *Come kiss me.*
How now *Titterus*! the singing Satyre against all women, the
Madrigal-maker against good faces, Beauties Despiser, are you
in contemplation now? I must not turn my tale sure from Shep-
herds Roundelays to *Epithilamiums*, and Sonners, and Io's, and
Heighos? this were odd if I should, and yet by my troth I think
I must for ought I can perceive; that thievish god *Cupid* that
useth to steal hearts, affections, and sighs out of mens bosoms, is
now crept into mine, and spite of my proud heart makes me
confess, that

Love's a lovely Lad,
his bringing up is Beauty,
who loves him not is mad;
for I must pay him duty
now I'm sad.

Hail to those sweet eyes,
that shine celestial wonder,
From thence do flames arise
burns my poor heart asunder,
now it fries.

Ariad.

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Ariad. Sir, you are rustick, and no generous spirit to make Calamity your merry Theam. Beseech you leave me.

Tit. Cupid sets a Crown
upon those lovely Tresses ;

Oh spoil not with a frown
what he so sweetly dresses.

He sits down.

Ariad. You'll force me then to rise, and flie your folly ;
Yet why should you have power to banish me
From this free spreading Air , that I may claim
For mine as well as yours ? but 'tis no matter ,
Take this place to ye, where e're you force me go,
I shall keep still my sad Companion, Wo.

Tit. Nay then have at you in Prose, if Meter be no Meter for you , you must not leave me thus ; And as even till this hour I hated women, and therefore must needs be the honestest man , I will not stay you for any ill, by my hook and troth la : And now do not I know what to say to her neither , but you have a good Face, white Neck, a dainty Cheek, soft Hand, and I love you : if my Nurse had ever taught me better language , I could afford it you.

Ariad. That very word will feather my slow feet , and make me flie from you. I hate all love , and am in love with nought but hate and scorn, sorrows and griefs, I am exposed to them, turned from a Charity that fed me once, to naked poverty, thrust in to the mouth of Fortunes battery, to stand all malice that she can shoot at mortal.

Tit. What heart could be so cruel ? hand so ungentle ?

Ariad. Old *Antimon's*, till this hour courteous,
Now most unkinde and spiteful.

Tit. Why then, has *Love* and *Hate* mistaken their Quivers to day ? He that was courteous to women is now turn'd unkinde, and I that ever halted am struck most pitifully in love with 'em. Here, take all the store I have to defend thee from common necessities, to feed and lodge : I will be thus bountiful, though I never have better of thee while I live , and I am sorry I am no better furnisht ; if thou remainest in these fields, He lend thee enough to stock thee with a Flock, and give thee day enough for pay-

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payment too. He that should have said I would a bin thus bountiful to day morning, I would have said by this time he had bin a witch. Fare thee we'l, I have some strange meditations, that I desire to be alone my self now, some of 'em must out agen howsoever.

*Whither shall I go
to escape away from folly?
For now there's love I know,
or else 'tis melancholly.
heigh, heigh ho.*

*Tonder lies the Snow,
but my heart cannot melt it:
Love shoots from his bow,
and my poor heart hath felt it.
heigh, heigh ho.
Exeunt severally.*

Finis Actus secundus.

ACT. 3. SCENE 1.

Enter Pheander with the two Lords from the Oracle.

Phe. **W**Hat news from *Delphos*? what says the Oracle?
Wherefore is *Thrace* thus pesterred with these
plagues?

1 Th. Lord. My Liege, we have performed your dread Command, yet not command so much, as our desire did make our tedious travels to seem short, until we heard *Apollo's* ireful Doom; but then. *Phe.* What then? nay quick, go on I say, we long to hear the Oracles Decree.

1 Th. Lord. Having pronounc'd the gods were all displeased With woeful *Thrace*, she said our sorrows spring Was caused by the Transgressions of our King, Who 'gainst the Law of Equity and Right Had from his sight abandon'd Chastity. But for the time when Plagues and Woes shall end, Deliver this unto your Thracian King: Till this be full accomplisht, 'tis in vain Ever to hope, or seek redress agen.

Phe. reads. *Content shall keep in town and field,
When Neptune from his waves, &c.*

Pish, these moral Misteries are incredulous, nor can they contradict the will of Kings: Comets portend at first blaze, but take
effect

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effect within the bosom of the destinies, so Oracles at *Delphos* though foretold, are shap'd and finish'd in your Council-house; and yet I charge you both upon your lives, let not the commons understand so much, lest several censures raise a Mutiny: 'Tis death to show a discontented brow, but smooth your over-burthened grief with smiles, there's no disaster that afflicts a Clime but it contains some limitation.

Enter a Fisherman.

Lets wait the time, and with domestick care,

A Cry within. Strive to maintain those Honors we have won.

Arm, arm. Lets stand upon our guard, I fear some Treason.

Speak Villains quickly, what means this noise?

Fish. My duty, mighty King, made me presume
To press thus boldly to your Highness presence,
To bid you make prevention 'gainst your foes,
They are in number numberless to tell.

Tucket. And as I guess are of *Cicillia*.

Phe. What Trumper's this? is it our enemy?

2 Lord. One from the enemy.

Enter 1 Cicillian Lord.

Phe. Quickly the News, that we may give an Answer.

Cic. Lord. My Royal Master, the *Cicillian King*.

Phe. We know your Message sir, in that one word:

In naming him we understand the Cause.

1 Cic. Lord. Desires to parley with your Majesty.

Phe. We'll parley in no language, but in Steel:

This shall maintain the Justice I have done,

Against my Daughter, and base *Radagon*;

Whose hateful name when I but think upon, adds vigor to my heart to take Revenge. Be gone, and tell your King for his presumption, we'll lash him from our Land with iron rods, and dragg him at our stirrup through the streets.

1 Ci. L. Prepare for battel, when this Answer's known. *Exit.*

Phe. We'll meet him in the mid way: say we come.

1 Th. Lord. Your Grace were better parley with the foe, and take a Truce, my Liege, for certain days; let your pretence be search of *Radagon*, which proposition they'll consent unto, then have we time to fortifie our Land, and muster stronger powers to make resistance; for as we are, we are but a handful to a multitude.

Phe. Were they ten times as many, and we fewer, they should

not

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not rest one night within our Bounds, till I have sated my revenge in blood: Have we so many foreign Conquests won, and shall we fear a Broil in our own Land? our powers shall march and issue forth the Towns, Armies shall grapple, and the earth shall groan to bear the burthen of Wars horror.

Come let's on; base Fear's the brand of slaves,

Trom Flor. They that die nobly, shall have honor'd graves. *Exeunt*

Enter Cicillia, 1 Lord, 2 Lord, Captains, Drums, and Soldiers.

Cicil. Did he receive our Message with such scorn?

1 Cic. Lord. With such a barbarous and proud disdain, he scarce would suffer me to utter it; but bid me back return, and tell your Grace he'd lash you from his Land with whips of Steel, and when he had ta'ne you Prisoner hand to hand, he'd dragg you at his stirrops through the streets.

Cicil. I'm glad they are so valiant: then they come.

1 Cic. Lord. The voice of *Arm, Arm*, hurried through the Court as swift as Lightning, and their clattering Arms put on in haste, made such a horrid noise, as if a voice had issued from the Clouds, and all the way pursued me; methinks my ears still tingle with the sound.

Cic. Courage Cicilians, let this be your honor, they are no Cowards that you fight withal; for they have been approved in foreign Lands.

Cic. 2 Lord. Let 'em be what they will, we stand prepared, if they be bold, we are as resolute; if valiant, we undaunted and resolved. Let it be seen which of our swords this day carves deepest wounds upon the breast of *Thrace*.

Cic. 1 Lord. In equal balance since our fortunes lye, Let each man strive to conquer, vanquish'd die.

Cic. I like your forward spirits, and commend 'em: in all our Troops I cannot spie a man whom I mislike or dread; and for my part, as you have seen a burning Taper fall and burn most bright when it begins to fade, so shall you see me in declining Age. Methinks I cannot hear their Drums to thunder, nor their hoarse brazen pipes breath forth a sound, to publish their defiance.

Cic. 1 Lord. Does not that Echo issue from the town?

Cic. These are no braving Tones.

Cic.

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Cic. Lord. Yet neerer, neerer still.

Cic. Beat up our Drums, and drown their Horners sound.

Enter the King of Thrace and Lords, his Drum unbrac'd, Ensigns folded up, himself in a Palmer's Gown, Hat, and Staff.

Cic. How now, what are these?

1 Cic. Lord. Mummers my Lord, I think. Set down your Drums, we'll play for all your Crowns; I am sure you know me, you have too much cause.

Phe. Behold great Sir, my Ensigns folded up, my Drums unbrac'd, and all those instruments that should encourage War, quite put to silence; there's not a hand in all our warlike Host that's armed for opposition or defence.

2 Cic. Lord. Is this the man would lath us from his Land with whips of Steel?

Cic. Where are the horses, to whose curled Tails we must be bound and dragg'd along the streets?

1 Th. Lord. Can you, my Lord, bear these injurious brands? This would put life in statues carv'd with hands, Much more encourage Cowards; we that late Perswaded you to peace, upon our knees Entreat you to command your Ensigns wave, And by our ancient Honors, which our foes Cannot without a blushing cheek deny, We'll make 'em know they do defie their Victors.

Phe. He forfeits his Allegiance that agen presumes to motion War: I wish my sorrows shadows, but alas they are too real, too essential, they dwell not in the face and outward brow, but have their habitation here within, where they torment me, and shall ever till I behold *Cicilia's* Son secured, and my fair Daughter fast closed in my arms, those two poor innocent and spotless souls whom my remorseless rage and tyranny hath sold to all afflictions

Cic. Speak *Pheander*, are not those passions meerly counterfeit? Do they proceed from Fear and Cowardise, that thus thou fold'st thy warlick Ensigns up, and without stroke of bartel giv'st the day? Or which I rather deem, from Policy and *Marchevillian* cunning?

Phe. Neither Prince: but meer repentance for my late misdeed, which is so hainous in the eyes of Heaven, it seems beyond

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their pardon ; therefore now in expiation of that horrid act, and to inflict due pittance on my self, all Regal ornaments of State put off Awe and Command that wait on Majesty. I henceforth vow a lasting Pilgrimage, either to bring the Prince thy Son alive, and tender him to safety in thine arms withal, with her fair Beauty in rich *Thrace*, rob'd of so rare a Jewel ; Or if dead, end the remainder of my afflicted hours in exile and forsaken solitude, in deserts scarce discovered. *Cic. A sad Vow.*

Ph. To make which good, to thee *Cicilia's* King, in part of recompence to thy great wrongs, I here resign all State and Empire up, my Crown, my Scepter, and Majestick Orb, until the Truce prefixt be quite expired ; And charge you all on your Allegiance, Lords, that you the Faith and Homage sworn to me, pay to this King in all just Loyalty. This Pilgrims weed be now my Robe of State, no other gay Trim will *Phander* wear ; my Sword, the Sword of Justice born before now, is now no better than a Palmers Staff, by which I will do justice on my self in humble penance ; and instead of Gold, and Cups of hollowed Pearl, in which I us'd to quaff deep Healths of rich Pomegranate Wine, this Scallop shall be now my Drinking-cup to sip cold water. I am now, *Cicilia*, a man reformed ; for loe I die to State, Live onely to Devotion. Lords adieu, These are my arms yon Kingdom to pursue. *Exit.*

Ph. I hear your Princes minde, and hope his vowes are out of his meer zeal and penitence which I accept, will you accord with him, and promise your true Fealties to us ?

1 *Thr. L.* As we to him were, we are now to you, as loyal and as faithful, 'twas his pleasure, and we submit to both, acknowledging his wrongs to you, and take them at the best, far above all forgiveness.

2. *Thr. L.* You cannot boast of any Conquest won, To gain a kingdom, and loose such a Son.

Scicil. This to us is a full satisfaction, and my Lords, we know how to require your gratitude, the Regency by him assigned to us we in our bounty reassign to you, be your own Lords, excepting still the fealty due to your Sovereign at his back return, in whose forc'd absence should you use our aid, we shall be your Protector.

Thr. Lords. Noble in all his Arts is *Scicilly*.

Scicil.

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Scicil. Billet our Soldiers in such Neighboring-towns, where Victual and best Harbor may be had ; withal Proclaim not the least violence be done to any Thracian, they are ours now, tho under your command. Here was a happy War fought without blows, yet no dishonor in't, he that endures such War within, can be no coward sure.

In all designs this still must be confest,
He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

Exeunt.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

Enter Alcade King of Affrica, Sophos, Lillia Guida, Tromp. Flor. Eufanius, and Moors, and Guard.

Alcad. **W**Here's *Sophos*? *Soph.* Here my Lord.

Alcad. Has our command been well effected, that we gave in charge?

Soph. Great King, it has.

Alcad. Our purse and people are at thy dispose, leave an army of the stoutest men *Affrick* affords: we love thee, thou art honest. In *Affrica* the Moors are onely known, and never yet searcht part of Christendom; nor do we levy Arms against their Religion, but like a Prince and Royal Justicer, to patron Right, and supplant Tyranny.

We are in this as Gods, and in like care,
Should punish Ignomy, and Vertue spare.

Eufan. They gave a partial measure that subscribed *Affrick* within so small and strict a limit, making great *Europe* boundless. Royal Sir, give me but leave to go with *Sophos* to the Thracian Wars, that I may speak your Fame unto the world, and where you are but heard of, make you famous. If ever Fame or Valor crown my youth with the least Honors, all my services Ile dedicate to you and my fair Mistress, Wonder of her Sex, whose beauty shines like to a Star amongst so many clouds of her own Nation. *Lillia Guida's* name shall be as much in Christendom, as Greekish *Hellen's* was. God sir, speak for me.

Sophos. 'Thad bin my first request, but that I fear'd
It would offend your Mistress: she being pleas'd,

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Upon my knee I do entreat for you.

Lillia. To show my willingness. Ile be the third my self, and humbly crave it may not be deny'd; I do not love to be attended on in a wrought Night-cap, obeyed with quilted calves, give me a man that Agues cannot quake, nor fire tremble. Pardon me Princely Father, it is your spirit speaks, I am your own, and by that priviledge become your Suitor.

Alcad. Our Daughter has prevail'd, *Sopho* your ear.

Lillia. To give encouragement unto thy hopes, receive this favor; may it prove a charm unto thy arm, and double puissance adde unto thy strength, when any danger's extant.

Moor. This it was that I long since suspected, this shall prove his tragick Fate, and ruine to her love.

Ens. You grace me beyond merit; while I live I will make known your honors, rank your name amongst the bravest Dames of Christendom; and when I view this Scarf, it will infuse undaunted vigor, make me overcome impossibilities, there easie to desire.

Alcad. Treason, didst say?

Moor. Against your Majesty, dishonor of your fair and beauteous Childe, their motions, gestures, looks, and conference I have observed and watched with jealous eyes, and finde 'em all corrupt. Lack, my Liege, behold before your face their amorous fire breaks forth into bright flames, is't not apparent? his suit to leave the Court, her seconding his Treason with a Boon and Favor too. You thought 'twas his desire to go to Wars, believe it not, there's no such man in him: It is some secret Plot they have contrived to flie away. Prevent it speedily.

Alcad. Thou hast infused a spirit into my brest I never yet did feel: strange impudence! Ambition never heard of in a Peasant! A slave that neither knows his birth nor breeding, should thus presume for to seduce a Princess! Hence with that Traitor, let him have a death as horrid as his crime.

Soph. How's this?

Ens. A Traitor?

Moor. I Traitor: Traitor, sirrah.

Ens. Sirrah, you lie, this shall maintain't 'gainst thee or any dares affirm this Title. Mount us, great King, upon some lofty spire, where is but room for two, place him amidst an host in this
just

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just Cause to clear my honor, and her innocence : Ile pierce thorough armed Guards, and make my way through Halberds, Pikes, and deadly killing shot, break through many Battels, sally thorough whole Squadrons, and make him like a confused lump that ne're had form. Guard me you sacred Powers, lest I forget time, presence, place, and on this ugly slave commit an out-rage.

Alcad. Kill, and stop his fury : insolent boy, how dares thy violence offer it self in blows, and we in presence ? Had we no other cause, this were enough to take away thy Life. Away with him.

Soph. Stay yet, dear sir, as ever I deserved grace at your hand, hear me first speak : Behold him bow to you, that in your Cause hath made great Kings to kneel, and tender you submission ; for my sake let him not suffer death, 'tis undeserved, I will engage all that I have on earth that he is loyal ; let not false surmize, suspect, and jealousie beget belief to wrong your Princely thoughts. In killing him, you make me guilty, and a murderer ; for I first brought him higher, to my hands he did commit his life, being a childe, when on the Plain of *Thrace* I took him up, let him not loose it at a holy Altar, and Princes Courts are such, and should maintain as divine Priviledge as Sanctuary : For Kings that circle in themselves with death, Poison the Air in which themselves draw breath.

Lil. Blest be that Orator : Gracious Father.

Alcad. Let her not speak, her words confirm suspect : bear her away unto her private chamber, there let her be confin'd a prisoner, till we determine further.

1 Moor. It shall be done.

Exit. Guard with Lillia.

Alcad. *Sophos*, his life is thine, but not his freedom.

Euf. Durance ? Worse then death.

Alcade. No banishment save *Affrica* ; make all the world thine own.

Soph. The Kings all mercy.

Euf. Ile Proclaim as much.

1 Moor. I but my Lord, what safety for my life, which he so much hath threatned ?

Euf. I scorn to touch thy life, thou timorous slave,
But Traitors are all Cowards : Fare thee well,
And my dear Foster-father, wanting whom

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I loose my better part ; Thus they thrive,
That cannot flatter Kings, feel death alive.

Exit Enfantius.

Alcade. Nay *Sophos*, be not sad, 'tis thy pretended good that we pursue, the Girl was wanton, and the Boy was young, and Love is kindled by desire as soon in one poor minute as an age of time: we bannish him that she might fancy thee, whom we intend shall have her, 'tis true as we are royal, if you please for to accept of her.

Sophos. 'Tis an honor that I shall never merit, to spouse a Princes of her excellency;
For I have nothing worthy her affection,
She cannot give consent to love a man,
That's bannish'd from his Land and native soyl :
I have no titles for to honor her,
And that's a thing that women most affect.

Alcade. Sir, you inherit vertue, that's a thing no mortal can restore, all other State we will invest you with, the crown of *Thrace* shall be your own, or cost ten thousand lives, our sable Ensigns never yet before displayed beyond the *Mediterean Sea*, shall now be seen to fly, men have livers there pale as their faces, and when we appear, will frighted run from such a Golden soyl; our home-bred fear have end, foreign foes must be our conquest now.

Come my best *Sophos*, e're the next moon spring,
My childe shall call thee husband, *Thrace* her King.

Tromp. Flor.

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT. 4. SCENE. I.

Enter Pheander in a Pilgrims habit alone reading the Oracle.

Phe **C**omment shall keep in town and field, &c.

I know not in what sence to apprehend it,
So intricate this matter seems to me ;
Yet in these latter lines I read a comfort.

Read. Then shall a shepherd from the plains,
Restore your Health and Crown agen.

There

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There is a sign of truth already past, for when *Apollo* did pronounce this doom, I was a king, and did enjoy my Crown, and I must be deposed before restored. But then the man, I there's the doubt of all, for ever since I took this Pilgrims habit, I have wandered up and down to finde this shepherd; wandered indeed, for in the search of him I have lost my self, sitting upon the plain, I saw a face of such surpassing beauty, that *Jove* and *Nature* should they both contend, to make a shape of their mixt purity, could not invent a sky-born form so beautiful as she, be she a mortal, and a shepherdes, her beauty may become a Princes Court. Why may not I wedding this shepherds Queen, beget an heir that may restore my Crown? He lay my life the Oracle meant so, the stars from earthly humors gain their light, our humors from their lights possess their powers: but now the means for to obtain this prize, He send a private messenger to Court, to bid *Pallatio* with a well Armed-troop. at such a certain hour to meet me here, and lie in secret ambush 'bout the house.

I will conceal my self, and watch a time,
To bear away this Wonder of our Clime.

Stands aside.

Enter Ariadna and Titerus after her singing, &c.

Titter. Oh stay, oh turn, oh pittie me,
that sighs, that sues for love of thee,
Oh lack I never loved before,
if you deny, He nere love more.

No hope no help, then wretched I,
must loose, must lack, must pine, and die,
Since you neglect when I implore,

Dance. Farewel hard, He nere love more.

Enter Pallemon frantickly habited, dancing over the Stage, old Antimon, antick-like, Clown-like maid Marian.

Tit. Here's a sight gives a fresh wound unto my love-sick heart, to think a man that was reputed wise, should loose himself in a Dedalion maze, and run mad for a woman, woman that's the cause, it is indeed happy remembrance in searching out his wound, I have cured my self, shall I see my brother wits caught in a purse-net, and run my head into the same noose, then count
me

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me for a Woodcock; no, I am now the man I was, and will still say,

*There is not any wise man,
that fancy can a woman,
Then never turn your eyes on
a thing that is so common;
For be they foul or fair,*

*They tempting devils are,
since they first fell,
They that love do live in Hell,
and therefore men beware.*

Exit.

Ariad. What a distraction's this? was ever seen so strange a dotage, not in him alone, but 'tis in general? that did not grief usurp too much upon a heart suppress'd, 'twere mirth would move to laughter.

Enter Eufanius like a Shepherd.

This is no Louse sure, I know him not,
Yet I mistrust the hanging of his head,
He note him further; 'tis a handsom fellow.

Euf. This habit is most frequent in this place, He wear't for fashion sake, 't may be a means to gain a sight of the fair Shepherdess, whose beauty fills the Clime with wonderment.

Ariad. Alas poor man, he's troubled too in minde,
Would I could over-hear him: how he stands!

Euf. I know not where to lye, and it grows late, I have not since I enter'd on these Plains, seen any creature that has humane sence. A woman first! good luck and be thy will.

Ariad. Why kneel you, sir?

Euf. Not to ask blessing, Sweet,
That were a foul disgrace unto a Virgin.

Ariad. For ought you know I am a Mother, sir.

Euf. Would you were mine. Please you, He make you one.

Ariad. I thank your love sir, but I am one already.

Euf. Then my suit's at an end; yet one word more.

Ariad. What is't, sir? I'm in haste.

Enter Radagon.

Euf. No more but this, nay in your ears, lest you mis-contrue me.

Rad. So close and privately, then I perceive I have been too neglectful, shallow fool! that having had such opportunity, so long continuance, place, and privacy, durst never utter thy affections. When I beheld her first I fancied her, and more because she favored my dead wife, whose memory I still mourn: but since she's

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she's gone, rather than loose regeneration, I could wed with her; she's fair, and may be honest, though the world deem 'em Contraries: I'm seen, and must go on.

Ariad. *Menalchus*! you come as wisht for: here's a stranger, Sir, that wants repose, will you for my sake allow him entertain; the night draws on, and 'twere unhospitable to deny him, you shall command as great a courtesie.

Rad. I doubt it not. To me y'are welcome sir, such homely Cares as a poor Cottage yields, you shall be sure to taste. Shepherds in this comes nearest to the Gods; for they allow the smallest hospitality, witness when *Baucis* feasted *Jupiter*:

Ariad. For that Ile interrupt you, you shall both before you part from hence, taste of our cheer. Whence is that aged man? pray question him, let him not go before he have relief.

Rad. Come nearer, father, 'tis a great wonder to see a Pilgrim wander in these parts. What Countrey-man?

Phe. A Roman, gentle sir, one that hath vowed in weary pilgrimage, to spend the poor remainder of his days; to such you know all places are alike.

Euf. How long have you continued in this Land?

Phe. But a small time.

Euf. You have not seen the Court?

Phe. Not yet, fair sir.

Rad. What should we do at Court? we have a King knows no Religion, heathens, infidels inhabit there; the poor live most secure, for as they know no good, they fear no ill: but we must not decipher. Come sit down.

Euf. Fair Mistress. *Ariad.* Good sir sit, this is my place.

Menalchus seat you. Fie, fie, complement.

Ariad. Here's no variety, but such as 'tis, if you can feed, y'are welcome, shepherds fare. *Euf.* We thank you.

Rad. Sir, fall to, y'are sad methinks.

Phe. Not sad, but somewhat griev'd to think report should scandalize so sweet a Continent, not onely Foreigners, but Thracians born, hate and abhor the Clime and Government, saying, it is infectious, and your King a mis-believing Tyrant, infamous.

Ariad. Where heard you this?

Phe. All *Thrace* proclaims as much.

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Rad. I cannot tell : but trust me sir, 'tis thought it was a cruel deed, not like a King, much less a Father, having but one childe to banish her, and for so small a fault.

Euf. What was the offence ? *Rad.* A customary thing, I cannot well appropriate a name.

Ariad. Is it so sleight ? and do you shame to utter't ?

Rad. Your presence must excuse me, otherwise I should have found a Title.

Ariad. Then Ile speak. It was so hainous, and so vilde a fact, the King could not in justice pardon it, 'twas a disgrace to him, shame to her Sex, dishonor to her self and Progeny. What greater infamy unto a King, than for to blot his name with bastardy ?

Rad. You speak well in the defence of Vertue, Sweet ; but if such defaults should be so punish't, we should have but few women in our kingdom : Admit the Princess in her wanson blood committed such an error, do but think what frailty is, the baits, nay more, 'tis thought that they were man and wife ; if it were so, he could be little better than a Tyrant.

Phc. A Tyrant, nay a villain, murderer. Pray pardon me, I must and will have leave to speak my conscience, should I see the King, I'd tell him to his face he were a Tyrant. Say she did err, he was the cause on't, not suffering her to wed where she did love : What may his Subjects think, he being dead for want of Issue, they shall serve to Turks and Infidels, if worse than he can any where be found ?

Ari. Dotard forbear, thou hast already spoke more than thy life can ever satisfie. If that the King had known they had bin married, questionless he would have been more merciful ; but that rests in suspicion, his sentence was pronounc'd as they were guilty, not as man and wife, and then what punishment can be too great ? his supposed ill was so much lenity, to live had been to die a lingering death, for reputation is the life of honor, and that once lost, the Mother hates the childe, curses the man she did commix withal, and like a shame-fac'd Felon, seeks to stain the face of every one that knows her guilt.

Phc. Admir'd it of all women, now I see
There is much Vertue lives in poverty.

Eufa. And yet methinks the mothers shame, is not to be compared

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pared unto the injury the child sustains; for she receives her sorrowes by consent, but the poor infant guiltless of the fact, grown to maturity, shall bear the brand of Bastard by his birth, be dispossess'd of all inheritance due to the Seed that's sown in holy wedlock; if a curse belong unto the issue of base lusts, 'tis given to the childe for to bestow on those that did beget him, sure I think who e're he was that wronged so fair a Dame, as your Kings Daughter, could be no true Prince, but some base upstart that deluded her, under a fained title.

Radag. Slave thou lye'st.

Radagon strikes him with his hook, she holds Euf. Phe. Radagon.

Ariad. Had you e're a Mother sir?

Eusa. I cannot tell. Unhand me.

Ariad. For my sake, *Phe and whispers with Radag.*
or if there be a woman in the world whom you affect, in her name I conjure ye let my tears asswage your just moved anger, it will discredit me, endanger you, if you should strike him here, Ile give you reason.

Radag. This is some fallery, it cannot be.

Phe. Now by my holy vow what I prescribe I will approve, I know you love this woman, the revelation of Celestial Orbs, the Aspects and influence of heavenly planets do direct my skill, by Palmestry and Physiognomy. I have declared to kings accidents past, portents to come, and told to what event present designs should run, what should I make experiments of Art on him that not believes it?

Rad. Troth I do.

Phe. Then reconcile your self unto this man, let him by no means use to visit her, for in the hour of his nativity, some powerful working star was in conjunction with too forward *Venus*, take him from her, and all th' Auxillary heavenly helps, that may give Physick to a Love-sick heart, Ile invoke to be benevolent, and e're too morrow sun, she shall be yours.

Ariad. See sir, he comes towards you.

Radag. Sir, for my rash offence I'm sorry.

Ariad. What would ye more good sir?

Radag. If you desire a further satisfaction, you shall have it.

Euf. How?

Radag. Thus.

Euf. 'Tis accepted.

Phe. This device took well. Now to my plot.

Exit. Phe.

Ariad.

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Ariad. I fear you are not friends yet.

Radag. Who not we, why should you think so? Look you, we embrace, shake hands, nay more, we will be bed-fellows, and early in the morn revisit you.

Ariad. Where lies the palmer? Gone, and take no leave.

Radag. Oh fear not him, he is provided for. Come sir, take leave and part. *Exeunt they two.*

Ariad. Good rest to both, there is a fire kindled in my breast, I have not felt a flame this twenty years, betwixt these two, I stand in a dilemma, not knowing which to fancy or forsake, so equal my heart doth stand affected.

Enter Paeander agen, and two Lords in ambush.

Phe. That's she, He not be seen.

Ariad. I am resolved, since from them both I am free'd thus, He conclude he that first speaks shall speed.

1 Lord. That's I. *2 Lord.* I. *Ariad.* Help, help.

1 Lord. It is in vain to call.

Ariad. Oh would this hour might be my Funeral. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antimon and Clown, Antimon brave, antickly atired in brave Clothes.

Ant. A Glass, a glass, a glass, He trust my face no more in the fair water, 'tis not bright enough to show me in my smugness, reach a glass. *Clo.* A Looking-glass?

Ant. A Looking-glass I say.

Clo. You shall sir presently, there's one stands under my bed.

Ant. Why that's a *Jorden*, fool.

Clo. So much the better father, 'tis but making water in't, and then you may behold your sweet Phisnomy in the cleer streams of the river *Jordan*. *Ant.* I smell 'twill be a march.

Clo. If you smell a match, take heed of your nose, for a little thing will set it a fire.

Ant. How fits my suit? is it not spruce and neat?

Clo. A most impertinent suit, I assure you.

Ant. She cannot chuse but love me now, I'm sure old *Meno-phon* nere courted in such clothes, were it not best I should leave off some part of this my bravery, lest appearing suddenly in this bright splendor, the wenches overcome, and ravisht with my sight, fall at dissention, and so go bi'th ears about me.

Clo.

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Clo. 'Twas well remembred, that in any case look you put off some of those glittering Weeds, until you see your Mistress, all the Maids will be stark mad to see you; do but mark when they behold you, how they'll fight for you, you'll hardly scape their fingers I'm afraid.

Ant. I, sayest thou so? here do thou wear 'em then, And give 'em me when *Mariana* comes.

Clo. Yes marry will I, if you can, overtake me, He court her first my self. Father, farewell.

Ant. Nay, but.

Clo. I shoot at no such Butts. Father, farewell.

Ant. Oh villain, have, I have sold half my Flocks. To buy these Clothes, and now am cheated.

Enter Tüterns and Serena.

See if the Rogue has not sent company to laugh at me: if *Tüterns* should see me in this shape, he would make a Ballad on't. He after him, and if I catch the Rascal, He say nothing. *Exit Ant.*

Tit. Yet Beauty of these fields be lets obdure,
And stay his laboring brains of that great toyl
In which it travels for thee.

Seren. Love a mad-man?

Tit. If he be mad, 'tis you have made him so.
Can you not fancy your own workmanship?
Will you not cure him whom you helpt to kill?

Seren. Were his hurts made in the body, I have helping herbs and such choice simples, as should cure his wounds; no shepherd's knows better than my self how to restore him.

But where that Herb or Science can ye finde,
That hath the vertue to restore the minde?

Tit. Minde; he minded you too much, the more fool he,
That man's mad that mindes any of you all;
For you are, let me see,

*Foolish, idle toys. that Nature gave unto us,
But to curb our joys, and onely to undo us;
For since Lucretias fall, there are none chaste at all:
Or if perchance there be, one in an Empory,
Some other malady makes her far worse than she.*

Out upon ye all.

'Twere

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*"I were too much to tell the follies that attend ye,
He must love you well that can but discommend ye ;
For your deserts are such, man cannot rayl too much :
Nor is the world so blinde, but it may eas'ly finde,
The body or minde tainted in woman kinde.
Oh, the devil take you all.*

Ser. Have you now done ?

Tit. Done ? 'Sfoot, if I could finde words enough, and bad enough, I'd rail at you all till to morrow morning.

Ser. If ye should, Ile have the last word.

I have been silent yet, vex me no more ;
For if I once begin, Ile make thee mad too,
And send thy Wits a wooll-gathering
After thy brothers.

Enter Radagon and Eufanius.

Tit. What the devil are these women made of ?

Do not think I would surcease my suit,
But for this interruption.

Rad. Is there no valley, nor no mountains top
Free from these Clamors ? You see we are intercepted :
But for these, this should have been the place.

Euf. Let's watch a fitter time, and spie a place of more conveniencey.

Rad. 'Tis agreed : All friends.

Euf. Till then. *Rad.* Think you I meant otherwise ?

Euf. No.

Rad. Well then.

Enter Antimon running after the Clown.

Clo. Oh father, well overtaken.

Ant. 'Tis well you are return'd sir, I was coming,
I was e'en coming for you ? How now, what are these ?

Rad. Receive this stranger to your fellowship,
A partner and a brother, that desires a life retired
And if my genius prompts me not amiss,
He will deserve our Loves.

Tit. However sir, to me he's welcome,
Chiefly for your sake my love I tender.

Rad. Pray know this man, this is the jovailst shepherd in all
Thrace.

Euf. His Aspect speaks for him. Sir, I desire to be known
Better

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Better to you, and you fair Dame, whose beauty adds more
Lustre to these fields, then all that summer *Flora* can produce.

Ser. And these plains much honored by your presence.

Ant. Receive a welcome too of *Antimon.*

Clo. And I his son Sir, welcome good partner;
Nay good sir, I crave less of your courtesie,
And more of your acquaintance.

Ant. Since we are met by chance so luckily,
Let us proceed unto our countries pastimes,
To give this courteous stranger entertain.

Clo. I, good father, Let's not loose our sports in any case:

Ser. Whom shall we crave to call upon the Queen.

Rad. That office shall be mine, stay my return:
Now if the Palmer do but keep his word,
I shall enjoy what I so long have wisht.

Enter a Shepherd wounded, running.

Ha, what sad object's this? How camest thou wounded?

Clo. Sure some sheep has bit him.

Rad. Speak how camest thou hurt?

Shep. In rescue of our Queen, basely surprized.

Rad. Surprized? by whom?

Shep. By Thrace his King, who Pilgrim-like wrapt in a russet
weed, taking advantage when she was alone, has with a private
ambush, stole her hence.

Rad. To the Court-gates let us pursue the Ravisher, his Court
and all the powers that he can raise, shall not protect him. Plague
upon his craft: Is this his skill in Physiognomy? Worthy friend,
let me but call you so, and let our strife be buried in our loves:
The Cause removed, let the effect thus die: and as our hands, so
let our hearts unite to take revenge on this injurious king.

Euf. Sir, what is yet scarce man, my heart shall ripen,
Ile stretch beyond my years and power of strength,
But Ile assist you in this enterprize.

Tit. Let's muster all the shepherds to our aid,
And fetch her back *per* force.

Rad. In the mean time, be it your charge to cure this
Wounded Swain, that fought to rescue her.

Ser. Ile use my best of skill.

Ant.

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Ant. Old as I am,
Ile go along, and let my Mistress know,
The King of *Thrace* makes *Antimen* his foe.

Clown. If I light on him handfomly, Ile have a bout with him
at Quarter-staff.

Tit. One thing let me intreat, to draw my frantick brother to
the field, inform him 'tis *Serena* is stoln hence, to prove if either
terror of the Wars, his Mistress loss, or sight of death and blood,
can win him to his wits.

Rad. Perswaded well.

Clown. What's he will take that charge?
Marry that will I, let me alone with him,
Ile put it in his pate, I cannot say his brains,
Because he has none: Ile fetch him presently. *Exit.*

Rad. Whom shall we make our General, and Leader of
this Rabble?

Tit. Who but your self shall we impose so great a Charge
upon?

Rad. Rather bestow it on this noble youth.

Ens. That warlike Charge would not become my years,
I shall be proud to be your Soldier, sir.

Enter Pallemon and Clown.

Pal. Give me my Arms, Ile fetch her back agen.

Clown. Give you more Legs, you'll ne're o'take her else.

Pal. Ile leap into the Saddle of the Moon,
And tye two Stars unto my heels, like Spurs;
Ile make my warlike Lance of a Sun-beam,
And mounted on some strange *Bucephalus*,
Thus will I overthrow my Enemy.

Clown. This 'tis to keep mad-men company, that has not the
wit to know his friends from his foes; but we shall have your
brains beat in agen.

Pal. Sirrah, take the Moon, and place it me upon the Axle-
tree, Ile mount on horse-back streight.

Clown. The Moon's not up yet, sir, some three hours hence
you shall be sure to have her.

Pal. How know you that, sir?

Clown. Well enough sir, 'tis a shepherd that keeps her,

And

The Thracian Wonder.

And he's called *The Man in the Moon*.

Pal. Ile fetch a sheep-skin then to make a Drum,
Ta, ra, ranta, ra, ran, tara, ran ran.

Exit.

Rad. He has possest him well, let him go on.
Now courage, Fellow-soldiers, and let's trye
To fetch her back, or in her quarrel die.

Exeunt.

*Tromp. Flor. Enter Pheander, Lords, Drums, Colours,
and Soldiers.*

Phe. Is't possible the number of the Swains
Should be so many?

2 Lord. Full five hundred strong.

Phe. What's their pretence?

1 Lord. That's yet unknown, my Lord, unless it be to have
their Queen agen.

Phe. How should they know 'twas we that stole her thence?

1 Lord. Belike the Swains that fought to rescue her, heard
some one name the King; no other cause could give intelligence,
'twas done so private.

Phe. What should we fear? Let's meet 'em in the field,
Were their Force trebled o're, when we appear
They'l flie like Hares that fear the Lions frowns.
How might we do for to behold the Rebels?

1 Lord. They lye so low intrencht beyond the hill that fronts
the Castle-gate, that no Prospect about the house can yield the
least survey.

Phe. Let's Parley with 'em then, so we may hear what they
pretend, and view their Regiment.

2 Lord. Here is a Herald to the same effect arriv'd at Court.

Phe. Go, bring him in, we'l hear what brave Defiance they
have sent.

*Enter old Antimon with a piece of painted Cloth like a Herald's
Coat, Clown sounding a Tucket before him.*

Now sir, the Prologue to this bloody Tragedy.

Ant. I am a Herald, come to tell the King,
That he has done a most mischievous thing:
We had but one fair Ewe amongst our Lambs,
And he has stoln her, with his wolvisb Rams;
For which our Shepherds vow by force of Arms,

The Thracian Wonder.

To fetch her back, kill all, but do no harm:
But if you'll set her free, they bid me say,
They'll take her home, and so make Holiday.

Omnes Lords. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ant. It seems they are not angry at my words, because they laugh, I fear'd they'd draw their swords.

Phe. Tell 'em we render thanks for their good mirth,
And would entreat a Parley, if they'll come
And meet us here under the Castle-wall.

Ant. You would intreat 'em fairly for to come?

Phe. I thought as much. Go you along with him, and tell their General what you heard us say.

2 Lord. I shall. Come, show me to your General. *Exeunt.*

1 Lord. Will you in person parley with the Rout?

Phe. Why not?

1 Lord. 'Tis dangerous, for fear the Swains,
Not knowing what belongs to Law of Arms,
Being once cross'd, should offer violence.

Phe. 'Tis well advised: *Pallasio* bid our Guard
Be near our person, bring up all our Troops
Close to the Gates, that if occasion serve,
They may at unawares make issue forth,
And cut off all the Rear. See it performed,
I have a trick new crept into my brain,
And if my Policy deceive me not,

A march within. Shall bring these several bodies to one head,
And crown all my Designs with full event.

They'r coming, keep your Ranks.

*Enter all the Shepherds, Radagon, Eufanios, Titterus,
Pallemon, Clown, Antimon.*

Phe. Which is the General? *Omnes.* This.

Phe. We would exchange some private words with him.

Radag. You are deceiv'd; I better understand
The Name and Honor of a General,
Than to disgrace it 'gainst the Law of Arms;
Though we are not so expert as those men
That daily practice 'em, yet you shall finde
We'll make a shift to right our injuries.

Phe.

The Thracian Wonder.

Phc. 'S death ! where learnt he this Discipline ?
Are Shepherds now become such Martialists ?
I see I must dissemble.

Radag. If you have ought to say, speak publick
No private Protestations, Bribes, nor Fears,
Have power to convert our Resolutions.
We need not to capitulate our Wrongs,
They are too apparent. Let us see our Queen,
And if she have received the smallest wrong,
A general ruine shall o're-spread the Land ;
We'll fire thy Castles, burn up all thy Towns ,
And make a Desolation of thy people:

Phc. You cannot be so shallow, as to think I took her with
a lustful appetite ? This honored Badge proclaims that lust is
past. Our seizing her was motive to your good, if you conceive
it. List, and Ile explain it : Within our Land our foes are resi-
dent, *Scicilla's* King, under whose Government these many years
you have been Servitors. The reason this : When he did first in-
vade, we found our self too weak to make resistance, and
under shew of satisfaction we did resign to him our Dignity,
pretending search of *Radagon* his son ; which he accepted, and
did back return to *Scicillia*, leaving Deputy to Govern here.
And though *Pallatio* bore the name of Rule, it was by his per-
mission. Do but weigh the servile yoke of foreign Govern-
ment, what danger may ensue, what priviledge you loose in
Thrace, if we be dispossess'd, the time of Truce expired, and
he's returned to take possession ? For without his son, our Crown
and Kingdom both are forfeited into his hands ; which yet we
may prevent, if you'll agree to joyn your Force with ours, and
back expulse him. We'll not onely grant your Queen her liberty,
but we'll enlarge your former Priviledge ; give you choice of
State, Honor, and Dignity, make you Lords and Knights, and
in remembrance of the Shepherds Wars, adde a new Festival ;
which at your charge shall yearly be performed. Consider
on't.

Rad. Happy Position ! thanks great Justicer,
Occasion puts revenge into my hand,
To think that I should be so fortunate ,

The Thracian Wonder.

To be Commander of a Band of men,
To war against my father, blest Event.

Phr. What's your reply?

Clown. Good General, consent,
I have a foolish desire to be a Lord.

Phr. And what shall I be?

Clown. You shall be a Lord too, and if you'll be quiet,
There are a great many mad Lords.

Phr. What answer do you give?

Rad. Were it in me

To give an answer, you should soon prevail,
But 'tis a General voice; for my own part
My service, and my self I offer to you.

Euf. And so do I. *Tit.* And I.

Omnes. So do we all.

Phr. A King that's thus held up can never fall.
Draw all your force within the Castle Walls,
'Tis large and spacious, and will well contain 'um.
This night we'll feast, to morrow shall be seen
Your loves to us.

Rad. Ours to the shepherds Queen.
Finis Actus quartii.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. 5. SCENE. I.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Scicilia, Lords, and Soldiers.

Scicil. **I**S all our Army in a readiness,
prepared for battel if occasion serve?

2 Lord. They are, my Lord.

Scicil. This day our truce takes end, the king returned,
And we expect our Sons delivery.

1 Lord. Pray heaven it be so happy, but I fear
A worse intent, for all the way he comes
The Commons rise, shepherds and silly Swains
That never were inur'd to carry swords,

Take

The Thracian Wonder.

Take Arms and follow him.

Scicil. What's that to us?

Did he not make a vow ne're to return,
Until he found my Son? may be he comes
For to invest us King, and offer sacrifice
Unto the Gods, and so conclude this weary Pilgrimage.

1 Lord. You speak, my Liege, as you your self would do,
But he that dar'd to banish 'em,
Think you he fears to violate an oath?
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe,
Be still in readineſs, you do not know
How ſoon he may aſſault us.

Scicil. Thou ſpeakeſt but well, 'tis good to doubt the worſt,
We may in our belief be too ſecure;
As King's forbidden to condemn the juſt,
So Kings for ſafety muſt not blame miſtruſt.

Enter 2 Lord. Why is this haſte?
To bid you haſte to Arms,
The foe comes on, the Centinels fall off,
The Scouts are poſting up and down the Plain,
To ſerch in all the ſtraglers. *Thraces* King
Has break his vow, and ſeeks by force of Arms
For to expulſe you.

1 Lord. Will ye yet give credit
To a Tyrants oath?

Scicil. By you bright Sphere I vow, and if there be
A greater puniſhment for perjury
Raigning on earth, then is the conſcience ſting,
I will inflict it on this perjured man.
You ſpirits reſolute 'gainſt fear and death,
You that have hitherto maintained your being
In equal power, like Rivals to the Gods,
Now ſhow your Valor, let us not debate
Our wrongs like women; for the wrath of Kings
Is like an angry Cloud, ſwolln big with fire,
Soft charge. that ſpeaks revenge in thunder; hark they charge.
Bear a defiance See, the ſignal's given,
Who dies in this juſt cauſe, ſhall live in heaven.

The Thracian Wonder.

Allarum. *The shepherds give the first assault, and beat off some of the Scicillian Lords.*

Enter Eulanius driving over Scicilla.

Enter Radagon.

Rad. The fury of this Boy will overthrow
All my Designs ; twice since the Fight begun,
In spite of my best Art, he has unhors'd
My Royal Father, and the last Career
Drew blood from his thrunk veins, yet the good old man,
Like to an aged Oak that long hath stood,
Endangers all that seeks to cut him down ;
He does not bear that fearful Policy,
That many use to fight in base disguise,
But has a White Flag carried before him,
Which does signifie the justice of his Cause, is innocence ;
Or as a mark, as if a man should say,
I am the Butt you aim at, shoot at me.
The greatest Conquest I have won this day,
Hath been the preservation of his Life,
With hazard of mine own : In my pursuit,
Thinking to place him in his Court of Guard,
I followed him so far, that I was forced
To make retire, for to recover breath.

Enter Eulanius with Scicillia prisoner.

Euf. Why do you sound a Retreat ? the Day is ours,
See, here's their King, I knew him by his Ensign,
Which I seized in spite of all opposed.
Here General, to your hands I do commit him.

Carry Thraces King this as a ransom for the Shepherds Queen.

Soft Allarum. Hark, the fight renews, one hour more makes a
full Conquest, and Ile ne're give o're till it be finish'd. *Exit.*

Rad. But that no fame or credit can be got to conquer Age,
I'd scorn for to present anothers prisoner.

Scicil. Aged as I am, had I a sword I'd scorn as much to be
subdued by thee.

Rad. That shall be tried. Here, take your Arms agen.

Scicil. Art thou in earnest then ? Come on ifaith. How now ?
What

The Thracian Wonder.

What means this, wilt thou not fight with me?

Rad. Yes sir, that I will, with you I'll fight,
But never fight against you. See the man
That thrice this day preserved you from your foe,
And the last time I bore you off from death,
I that man am now your Champion, do not question why?
But rest assur'd, for you I'll live and die. *Exeunt.*

Allarum, and the Shepherds within crying, flie, flie, &c.

Enter Eufanius, and all the Shepherds.

Euf. What Coward's that began this fearful cry? Is not the
day likely to be our own? Hye I not taken their King Prisoner,
seized his white Flag, and by our Generals hand sent him unto
Phœander?

Tit. But he's revolted, and has set him free,
And we have ne're a General to lead us.

Euf. Oh Villain, Traitor, Coward, were he my father I should
call him so: flie from his Colours. Courage, fellow Swains, let
us not blot the Honor we have won. Want of a General, I'll
supply that place, rather than loose so fair a Victory.

Pall. No, I'll be General.

Clown. I, I, and so you shall, and I'll be Commander over you.
We should be led like Wilde-geese then if aith: Wilde-geese,
nay Woodcocks rather; for your Wilde-geese keep their Wings,
their Front, their Rear, and have a Leader too.

Tit. I, I, you are the man.

Euf. Follow then, come. *Exeunt.*

A great Allarum. Enter Radagon.

Rad. Sound a Retreat, it is impossible to win the day,
These Shepherds fight like devils: I saw a man born on our Lan-
ces points quite from the earth, yet when he came to ground he
fought agen, as if his strength had bin invincible.

A shout and Hark how the proud foe with triumphant voice

Flour. Proclaims unto the world her Victory.

Enter 2 Scisillian Lord.

2 Lord. Hark how *Scicillia* with triumphant voice
Proclaims unto the world his Victory. *Rad. Scicillia?*

2 Lord. I, *Scicillia.* *Sophos*, brother to the Thracian King, is
with *Alcade* King of the Affricans, come to assist you.

Rad.

The Thracian Wonder.

Rad. Give 'em entertain with all the Royal Pomp our State can yield.

2 Lord. He shall have Soldiers welcome, that's the best.

Tromp. Flor. Enter one way *Scicillia* and *Lords*.

Another, Alcade, Sophos, Lillia Guida, Drums and Colours.

Scicil. To give a Welcome fitting to the State of *Affrick's* King, *Sophos*, and this fair Dame, whose Beauty all the Western World admires, were to neglect a greater happiness; for by your aid fair Victory sits crowned, pluming her golden wings upon our Crest, let us not bear her back by detraction.

Alcade. Royal Sir, we come to fight, and not to feast; yet for this night we will repose our selves, our Troops are weary, and our beauteous Childe rests undisposed of; Let her have a Guard of *Demi Negros*, called from either part, and let her Lodgings be place next our own, that's all we do desire.

Scicil. Which wee'l perform.

Sophos. Let the Retreat we heard at our approach, call back your powers, and early in the morn when as the daring enemy comes on; thinking to prey upon a yielding foe.

Tromp. Flor. Our forces shall confound 'em, *Thrace* shall know

Retreat. *Sophos* is here, come to perform his vow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pallemon wounded, Titterus, and Clown:

Pal. Upon 'em, upon 'em, upon 'em, they fly, they fly, they fly.

Clown. I, I, they run away.

Titter. I am glad they are retreated, had they stood, his lack of sence had bin his loss of life, how e're he scapes it yet, come now retire. *Pal.* Ile have my Love first.

Clown. So ho, ho boys.

Pal. What noise is that? are you a fouler, sir?

Clown. I know what belongs to a retreat sir, I was the first man took flight, and lured off the rest as well as I could.

Pal. Then y'are an Engineer?

Tit. An admirable fellow *Pallemon*, hold him in talk whilest I run for *Cerena*, and use my best perswasions to procure her gentle patience, his deep wounds to cure.

Pal. Come then grave *Nestor* to the Councel Table, nay, you shall see that I can speak to you.

Clown. And you shall hear that I can answer you.

Pal.

The Thracian Wonder.

Pal. You say you are a Faulconer?

Clown. Or a Fowler, which you please.

Pal. What think you, *Nestor*, if we limed our Pikes, as you your Twigs, and set 'em in the way just as the Army flies? Do you not think they would hang fast by the wings?

Clown. Yes, if they do not leave their wings behinde 'em, And flie away with their legs.

Pal. May they do so?

Clown. Faith I fir, 't has been the Cowards fashion time out of minde.

Pal. Or Father, shall's cast into the Air a gorgeless Faulcon, that mounting the bleak Region, till she spie my beauntous Love *Serena*, then souze down, and snatch her from the Army. *Joves* bird the Eagle, in her Talons bore his Darling *Ganimed* to his palace so. Speak *Nestor*, is it possible or no?

Clown. Very easie fir, if women be made of such light Stuff, as they say they are; besides, no Faulcon but dares venter upon a *Ring-tale*, and what's a woman else?

Pal. Then as stern *Pirrhus* did old *Priam* take, or stay, As cruel *Nero* with his Mother did, Ile rip thy bowels out, then fling thee Like a gorgeless Faulcon in the Air; But first Ile tye these bells unto thy legs, That I may know which way to follow thee.

Clown. Nay, and you begin to meddle with my legs, Ile show you as fair a pair of heels, As e're you saw in your life.

Pal. Nay, flie me not, my fair *Angelica*.

Clown. Put up thy Bilbow then, my mad *Orlando*.

Pal. Thy hand shall be the scabberd, there it is: I yield me to thy mercy, *Alexander*; Yet save my life, great *Cesar*.

Enter Titterus and Serena.

Clown. As we are *Alexander*, we will save thy life. Come sit at *Casars* feet. So, so, now Ile Deal well enough with you.

Tit. Prithee have more remorse, if not for Love, For love of Life, help to redress his wounds;

The Thracian Wonder.

Remember 'tis for you he came thus hurt,
Take pity on his smart.

Seren. Had I like power to restore his sence, as to re-cure his wounds, upon the earth I would leave no means unthought, un-sought for, but I'd apply't for his Recovery.

Tit. This is the tyranny we men endure,
Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

Seren. Oh may I prove the first, upon my knees,
If ever a poor Virgins Prayers were heard,
Grant the fruition of my suit may prove
A saving health both to his Life and Love.

Tit. Nay, and you go about it with such willingness,
'Twill come to a good end sure :
The whilest you dress his wounds, Ile sit and sing,
And invoke the Gods to pity him.

Sings. Fair Apollo, whose bright beams
Cheers all the world below:
The Birds that sing, the Plants that spring,
The Hearbs and Flowers that grow.

Oh lend thy aid to a Swain sore oppress'd,
That his minde soon may finde the delight that sence admires;
And by a Maid let his harms be redress'd,
That no pain do remain in his minde to offend his wits.

Seren. His blood returns, rub his Pulses o're the fire,
His Looks prescribe an Alteration.

Clown. Would I could hear him speak a wise word once.

Pal. Either the earth, or else my head turns round.

Tit. Lasse, my poor brother.

Seren. Peace, disturb him not.

Pal. And yet methinks I do not feel such pains as I was wont
to endure. Ha, sure I should know! Speak, are not you my Love?

Tit. He knows her. I, 'tis she.

Pal. And you my brother?

Tit. True.

Clown. And what am I?

Pal. A fool.

Clown. But you are no mad-man now, I'm sure. He that can distinguish a fool from a woman, is a wise man believe it.

Seren. *Pallemo* see, since it hath pleased the Gods, in pity of
thy

The Thracian Wonder.

thy youth, to grant thyfence, *Serena* grants her love, and at thy feet craves pardon for her cruel injury.

Pal. More welcome now then ever, my *Serena*.
Love that is often crois'd, at length obtained,
Is sweeter far than pleasure eas'ly gained.

Tit. But what shall I do now? I'm gone in the Common-law, and if a Jury of women go upon me, I'm sure to be cast. I think I had best to appeal to the men first, and make them my Arbitrators.

Clown. Oh no, no, no, make your peace with the women first, what e're you do; for if they take the matter in hand, your men are ne're able to stand long in a Case against them.

Tit. Then first to you whom I have wrong'd so much,
And next, to all that's here.

Sings. Forgive me, oh forgive me my cruel disdain,

Never poor Lover endured such pain,

As I will in my skill, your praises to tell,

And never sing other, till death rings my Knell.

Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove

It lyes in their powers to restore Life and Love.

Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove

It lyes in their power to restore Life and Love.

Exeunt.

A great Allarum and Excursions, then enter Eufanius and Shepherds, with Alcade, Sophos, and White moor, prisoners.

Euf. The honor of thy overthrow, brave *Mooy*, is due to great *Pheander* King of *Thrace*; but thy Crowns ransom does belong to me.

Alcad. Take Life and all, it is not worth the keeping,
Without Addition of a Victory.

To be a Peasants prisoner! Cursed Fate!

Why should a King be so unfortunate?

Sophos. Unhappy chance! Came I to *Thrace* for this, to loose both Life and Honor in the Land that gave me Life? and by a Brother too? Black destiny! *Euf.* Some poste unto *Pheander*, and glad his ears with this our Victory.

Enter 1 Th. Lord. Why come ye on so slowly? renew the fight, our King is taken prisoner by that slave, that by his falling off lost

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the last Battel.

Euf. *Pheander* taken?

Alcade That's some comfort yet, I hope *Scicillia* will not ransom him, till he consent unto our Liberty.

Soph. And if he should, he were unworthy to be term'd a King.

Euf. Why then let's summon 'em unto a Parley,
First offer to exchange our Prisoners,

A Parley. And then begin the bloody Fight agen.

Lord. Summon a Parley then.

Enter Scicillia, Lords, with Pheander prisoner.

Look here *Scicillia*, since by chance of war our Thracian King is taken prisoner, to ransom him we will deliver back into your hands the great *Alcade*, *Sophos*, and this *White-moor*.

Phe. Three prisoners for one, detain 'em still, Ile not be ransom'd at so dear a rate.

Alcade And if thou shouldst, I scorn it should be so;
For look what Ransom *Scicillia* sets down,
Ile pay it trebly o're to ransom us.

Scicil. We'll take no Ransom, but will set you free by force of Arms.

Euf. Bear back the prisoners, and renew the Fight.

Rad. Stay, darrest thou that seemest so forward, hand to hand, in single opposition end this Strife?

Euf. Oh were these Kings but pleas'd it should be so,
How soon would we decide this difference?

Scicil. What says *Alcade*? if he be so content,
Ile gladly put my Right upon his sword.

Phe. The like will I upon my Champion, whose unmatched valor has been well approved.

Alcade. I like his fair Aspect, and give consent.
Mayest thou prove happy in this Enterprize.

Rad. Ile loose my life, or gain your liberty.

Euf. The like will I, or set *Pheander* free.

Exeunt.

Ph. Then till the Champions be in readiness, let the Conditions be concluded on. *Pallatio*, draw the Articles for us.

Cicil. And you for us, if we be overcome, *Pheander* is to have his liberty, and we depart this land, resigning back all interest due by his permission, and never seek revenge for our lost Son: this as we are Rovers, we'll consent unto.

Alcad. If *Thrace* be overcome, he shall surrender all his dignity

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nity into our hands, which *Sophos* shall enjoy which our fair daughter, paying *Cicilly* a yearly tribute; and your Soldiers pay since their abode in *Thrace*, shall be discharged from our Exchequer.

Phe. This Ile add besides, because by us *Cicillia* lost a Son, who ever shall enjoy the Crown of *Thrace* shall once a year, clad in his pilgrims weeds, offer sacrifice unto the Gods, and lay his Crown down at *Cicillias* feet.

Sopb. And *Sophos* vows to offer up his life,
A ransom for this beauteous *African*,
If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

Scicil. There's *Scicillias* hand.

Phe. And mine.

Alcad. There *Alcade*.

Lil. And mine?

Sop. And *Sophos* joyned in one.

1 Thr. Lord. A happy end crown this Contention.

Pal. Beleeve your Graces, since this difference is to be ended by a shepherds hand, to let our Queen be set at liberty, to see the Champion that must fight for her.

Phe. Go fetch her forth: And now I call to minde the Oracle, that said a shepherd should restore my Crown; sure one of these will prove that happy man.

Cicil. The Trumpet sounds agen, let's take our seats, and see who shall obtain the victory.

Phe. Nay altogether now, till the last stroke make a division.

Enter Ariadne brought in by shepherds.

Oh the shepherds Queen!

Alcad. A lovely Dame! sit by our Daughters side.

Tuckets. The Combatants will take encouragement from your fair eyes: hark, now they come.

Enter Radagon brought in by the Cicillian Lords, Eufanius by the shepherds, with shields pictured with Neptune riding upon the Waves.

Clown. Now Boy, thrust home, 'tis for a Lady.

Pal. Courage fellow Swain.

1 Lord. The Champions are prepared, sound to the fight:

Rad. I for my King.

Euf. I for my Countries right fight.

2 Lord. So, recover breath.

Phe.

The Thracian Wonder.

Phe. What means that strange Device upon their shields? 'tis something sure concerns the Oracle, God *Nephtis* riding on the Waves o'th Sea, He question them to know the meaning on't.

Euf. Come Sir.

Alcad. What means the King of *Thrace*?

Phe. To ask a question e're they fight agen.

Alcad. Then I speak aloud, we'll have no whispering.

Phe. I prithee tell me, 'tis to thee I speak: what hainous wrongs hast thou received from us, or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove the chiefest Champion for our Enemy?

Rad. So please these Kings vouchsafe me audience, I shall tell you.

Both. Speak freely.

Rad. In brief *Pheander*, I am not subiect unto him, nor you, more then the duty of a Son allowes, tho this rude transmigration of my hair, barres me your knowledge, with the change of time, yet here behold the banisht *Radagon*.

Cicil. My Son?

Ariad. My husband?

Phe. Shame and my Joy so struggle in my breast, I shall dissolve to air: Oh my dear childe!

Rad. Can it be possible that we should live so long together, and not know each other?

Ariad. I knew *Menalchus*, but not *Radagon*.

Rad. I *Mariana*, not my beauteous wife: But what's become of my *Eufanius*, had I my childe agen, my Joy were full.

Ariad. Alas I lost him fourteen years ago, keeping my flocks upon the plain of *Thrace*.

Rad. This greater tide of Joy overcomes the less, and will not suffer me as yet to mourn.

Soph. Pray speak those Words agen, where did you loose him? on the Plains of *Thrace*?

Ariad. Indeed I did, just fourteen years ago.

Soph. The time, the place, how habited, and then.

Ariad. In a small coat made of a Panthers skin, a Garland on his head, and in his hand a hook made of a Cane.

Soph. The very same, the time, the place, the habit, all things just as you describe to me; that childe, I being banisht from my native soyl, found sporting in the Plains, and that's the childe I carried with me into *Africa*.

Alcad.

The Thracian Wonder.

Alcad. Was that the childe you brought into the Court? what adverse fate had I to banish him?

Lil. Far worse fate had I to loose my love.

Euf. That childe, so found so lost,
Brought up in *Affrica*, and banisht thence,
Should be my self.

Lil. *Eufanius*? 'Tis he.

Ariad. Oh my dear childe.

Euf. Are you my Mother? This my father then?

Phe. Is this my Warlike Grand-childe?

Alcad. What wonder's this?

Phe. Now is the Oracle confirm'd at full.

Here is the *Wonder* being wrackt at sea,
Which *Neptune* from his Waves cast up agen.
These are the Lions that did guide the Lambs,
Living as Shepherds, being Princes born.
And these the Seas, whose equal valor neither Ebbs nor Tides,
But makes a stand, striving for Victory;
Their shields proclaim as much, whose Figure is
Neptune commanding of the rugged Waves.
And this the happy Shepherd from the Plain,
Whose sight restores me all my joys agen.

Scicil. Radagon, thou shalt wear *Scicillia's* Crown.

Phe. *Pheanders* too, which is too small a satisfaction for the great wrongs he hath sustained by us.

Rad. Do not impose more Cares upon my head,
Until my joys be fully finished.

Good Father keep your Crown, and govern still,

And let me frolick with my beauteous Bride:

And for *Pheanders* Crown, let me intreat

My Uncle *Sophos*, Partner in our Wars,

May, if he survive, be King of *Thrace*.

Phe. With all my heart; and for these harmless Shepherds,
Whose loves have bin Co-partners in our wars, once every year
They shall be feasted in our Royal Palace,
And still this day be kept as Holiday
In the remembrance of the Shepherds Queen.

Alcade.

The Thracian Wonder.

Alcad. 'T would ask an Age of Time to explicate all our delights. *Eufanims*, take our Childe, with her our Royal Crown of *Affrica*. Thy pardon *Sophos*, for we promis'd thee.

Sophos. I willingly resign my interest, Sir.

Phc. One forty days we'll hold a Festival
Within the Court of *Thrace* before we part.
When was there such a *Wonder* ever seen?
Forty years banisht, and live still a **QUEEN!**

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

If any Gentlemen please to repair to my House aforesaid, they may be furnished with all manner of English, or French Histories, Roman-ces, or Poetry; which are to be sold, or read for reasonable Considerations.

